

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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ONE SHILLING.

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AFTER THE RUSSIAN BALLET—THE SWEDISH: Mlle. HASSELQUIST, IN "JEUX."

Mlle. Jenny Hasselquist is a *première danseuse* of the Swedish Ballet, brought over from Paris by Sir Alfred Butt, who arranged for their first performance in London to take place at the Palace Theatre on December 8. In Paris the Swedish Ballet

made an immense success at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées. In Claude Debussy's "Jeux," Mlle. Hasselquist takes the part of the *Première Jeune Fille*. The *décor* is the work of M. Bonnard and the dresses of Mme. Jeanne Lanvin.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WYNDHAM.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I WAS lately looking at a new book about an old problem, which has the advantage of being an utterly insoluble problem—the Mystery of Edwin Drood. We can never know for certain what would have been the truth about the death of Drood if it had not been forestalled by the death of Dickens. But, though I admit that the quest is hopeless, I do not admit that it is useless. It does not fulfil its own purpose, but it fulfils many other purposes. We are more interested in the methods than in the results. And we are right, for the methods are more important than the results. Most people know the pivotal points of the inquiry itself: Jasper, the drug-fiend, either murders or tries to murder his nephew Drood. Drood certainly disappears; but, according to some, he probably reappears—perhaps in the disguise of Datchery, a sort of detective, who appears before the narrative breaks off. It is plain that the problem is more important than the solution. It is, after all, a matter of secondary importance if Drood is not dead. But it is a matter of supreme importance that Dickens is not dead; that there is still life in any literary problem that revolves round his genius; and that the snobbish fashion that belittled so great an artist should have passed away, and left men still discussing, in the abstract and even in the air, the principles and purposes of his art. If a writer so creative had really been quite so chaotic as some of his critics would suggest, certainly nobody would now be speculating on the final stages of such a chaos. If his fictitious characters were false as well as fictitious, we should hardly be still controverting about the conduct of Bazzard and Durdles and Datchery and Drood.

But while the critics are discussing the probable conduct of fictitious people, I wish they would also give a thought to the probable conduct of real people. While wondering what an imaginary man named Drood would do, they seem to me to have the strangest ideas of what a real man named Dickens would do. It is this element of human probability in the problem that interests me, much more than that of artistic consistency. I do not know, I may say I do not care, whether the unreal Drood was really imagined as already in his unreal grave. In short, I am not attached to any theory, and do not care what theory is proved true or false. Those who are certain that Drood is dead may have got hold of a dead certainty. But some of the arguments by which they refute the resurrection of Drood, and prove the death of Drood, seem to me utterly unreal in the light of our experience, not of fiction, but of fact. It is repeatedly emphasised that Drood cannot return, because certain fragmentary phrases attributed to Dickens referred to Jasper as strangling or killing or committing a murder. Thus the distinguished artist who illustrated the book testified to Dickens having told him to draw Jasper with a big black scarf, because "he strangles Drood with it." Now I am by no means sure, in passing, that the verb to strangle does even literally mean to strangle to death. May not a man be strangled and not killed, as he can be stabbed and not killed, or poisoned and not killed? In some vivid and violent later scene in the great lost melodrama, I

can imagine Dickens describing somebody or other loosening Jasper's "strangle-hold" even before Drood was dead. But, whatever the word may mean literally, it is absurd to suppose that such words, in such conversations, are used literally. Any man alive might talk of the villain strangling Drood, or even murdering Drood, when that purpose was the only point at issue, whether the apparent corpse was afterwards resuscitated or not. He would talk about a murder simply because it would be the only way of avoiding a circumlocution, and a quite remote and irrelevant circumlocution. He would mention something like strangling because there was neither time nor reason to mention anything else. Suppose, for the sake of argument,

or anybody else, in speaking practically about the instrument of a murder, would leave on one side the question of whether it was a successful murder. It was a murderous instrument, whether or no it completed the murder.

But it is the same with the natural human use of the word "murder," as Dickens would naturally use it, for what was not only the plan in the murderer's mind, but the sin on the murderer's soul. We could probably find many examples of the use; I quote one from memory. Stevenson in one of his letters, I think, outlines the great tragedy of the Master of Ballantrae. He says it is to end with "a perfectly cold-blooded murder" of the elder Durie by the younger, "of which I intend the reader to approve." But, as a point of pedantic fact, James Durie does not die according to the murderous plan of Henry Durie. He escapes it by the trick of a trance, and actually comes to life afterwards, though apparently only for a moment. He dies ultimately because the trance trick, according to his Indian servant, has been tried in the wrong climatic conditions. But who in the world would expect Stevenson to explain all that, before venturing to use the word "murder" in casual correspondence? Yet these critics expect Dickens to explain something quite as complicated in casual conversation.

And to this we may add, of course, the determining fact that Dickens was writing a detective story, and Stevenson most certainly was not. Stevenson had no particular reason for keeping any secret from Sir Sidney Colvin or Mr. Gosse, or whoever was his correspondent on that occasion; Dickens had a perfectly legitimate reason for keeping a secret from Forster or Fildes. Dickens, as I have shown, might have used the word "murder" without the smallest intention to deceive. But he also might have intended to deceive without the smallest guilt of deception. Every man making a mystery allows his friends to be mystified—not that they may suffer from any fraud, but that they may enjoy any fun. Nobody would be surprised if Stevenson had used even more mystifying terms while preparing the revelation of the two Captain Trents in the "Wrecker." He did, I think, use very vague and mystical terms in sending to a friend the first copy of "Jekyll and Hyde." Thus, whether Dickens spoke carelessly or spoke carefully, these critics are wrong. In either case, Dickens might have said all that they report him as saying, and yet have done all that they declare he could never do. Whether he did do that or not is quite another matter. About that there are many other arguments to be considered. But in such a case the quality of the arguments seems to be much more important than the nature of the conclusion. If, as is most probable, we have formed an entirely wrong idea of what Drood and Jasper did, we are doing no injustice to anyone who ever lived. But if we allow ourselves to have dull and dehumanised notions about what human beings do, we may do every sort of injustice to all sorts of people, who live and can suffer from our follies.



GUARDING THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AGAINST POSSIBLE SINN FEIN ATTACK: POLICE PATROLLING THE RIVER.

In view of Sinn Fein threats, exceptional precautions are being taken to protect Members of Parliament and the Houses of Parliament themselves. The police guards have been strengthened in and about the buildings, and the river is patrolled. In addition, no strangers will be admitted until further orders.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

that Drood did recover, through some bungling of his drugged assassin, what had that to do with the black scarf? And what was Dickens expected to say about the black scarf? Was it his duty to say to the artist, in light and casual conversation, "I want Jasper to have a black scarf, because he uses it on an occasion when he compresses the larynx of his nephew sufficiently, as he supposes, to produce complete asphyxiation, but, in fact, so insufficiently that the powers of respiration are afterwards found to be susceptible of revival"? A chat with Dickens would have been a rather less lively thing than it was, if he had always been so particular as that. But it is obvious that Dickens

## SPECIAL NOTE.

With regard to the photograph reproduced on the front page of "The Illustrated London News" of November 27 last, we were informed, after publication, that this could not have been taken, as stated, during the "battle of Tralee," but, judging from the scenery, must have been taken outside Dublin. "The Illustrated London News" has always had a reputation for its accuracy, and, although the photograph had been supplied to us by a perfectly reputable Press Agency, we immediately instituted further enquiries in order to ascertain exact details as to the taking of the photograph in question. These further enquiries showed that the Agency itself had been misled from various causes—chief among them the fact that the photograph was despatched from Ireland with all speed, and that, therefore, it bore necessarily scanty details as to the exact incident portrayed. We insert this note at the earliest possible moment, as we regard it of vital importance that nothing incorrect as to the present state of affairs in Ireland shall appear in the pages of "The Illustrated London News."



# SWEDISH BALLET IN LONDON: "NUIT DE ST. JEAN," AND "EL GRECO."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SABOURIN AND ISABEV.



A SWEDISH "MAYPOLE" AS A DANCING MOTIF: THE SWEDISH BALLET IN ALFVEN'S "NUIT DE ST. JEAN," WITH SCENERY DESIGNED BY M. NILS DE DARDEL.



INSPIRED BY THE PAINTER WHOSE WORK DOMINATES THE SPANISH EXHIBITION: THE SWEDISH BALLET IN "EL GRECO," WITH SCENERY BY M. MOUVEAU.

The Swedish Ballet has—for the present, at least—usurped the place of the Russian Ballet in London. As mentioned on our front page, where we give a portrait of Mlle. Jenny Hasselquist, one of its leading dancers, the Swedish season was arranged to open at the Palace Theatre on Wednesday, December 8. "Nuit de St. Jean" is a one-act piece, arranged by M. Jean Borlin, the leading man of the Swedish Ballet, with music by M. Hugo Alfven and *décor* by M. Nils de Dardel. It represents old-fashioned country dances of Sweden around a cross-shaped

Maypole. The ballet, "El Greco," arranged by M. Borlin to music by M. D. E. Inghelbrecht, has a scenic setting designed by M. Mouveau, after pictures by El Greco, the great Spanish painter, whose "Glory of Philip II.," now on view at the Exhibition of Spanish Art at the Royal Academy, is reproduced on another page of this number. The scene of the ballet is laid in Toledo during a tempest, and the chief characters are a young man (M. Borlin), who blasphemes against Heaven and is restored to faith by a Christian girl (Mlle. Jolanda Figoni).



*The King Sees the Dark Blues Win: The 'Varsity "Rugger" Match.*

1. COLLARED BEFORE HE COULD PASS: AN OXFORD PLAYER TACKLED.

3. CAMBRIDGE GETS AWAY AFTER A HEEL-OUT: THE SCRUM BREAKING UP.

Oxford beat Cambridge in the 'Varsity "Rugger" match at Queen's Club on Tuesday, December 7, by 17 points to 14. As the score indicates, it was a hard-fought struggle and an exciting one to watch. The spectator-in-chief was his Majesty the King, who shows a great interest in football of both kinds. On

2. A THROW-IN FROM TOUCH: THE STRUGGLE FOR THE BALL.

4. THE SPECTATOR-IN-CHIEF: THE KING SHAKING HANDS WITH THE OXFORD TEAM.

the previous Saturday he was at Stamford Bridge, as shown on another page of this number. He arrived at Queen's Club, attended by Major Cooper-Keys, a quarter of an hour before the Oxford and Cambridge match began, and received a great welcome as he walked on to the ground to shake hands with the teams.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.

*The Prince of Wales in the City: A Toast to the Royal "Ambassador."*

"I LOVE LONDON BETTER AND BETTER EVERY TIME I COME BACK": THE PRINCE OF WALES AS GUEST OF HONOUR AT THE GUILDHALL.

The City's official congratulations (postponed during the Coal Strike) to the Prince of Wales on the triumphant success of his tour to Australia and New Zealand, were accorded to him on December 7, when he received an Address of Welcome, and was entertained to luncheon at the Guildhall. In responding to the Address the Prince said of London: "Distant travel gives me an ever-increasing appre-

ciation of its influence and charm, and I love it better and better every time I come back." Speaking of his tour, he said: "The British peoples were never more firmly united in devotion to the Empire and to its head, the King." The Prince is next to the Lord Mayor. Next but one, on the other side, is the Duke of York. On the extreme left is Lord Curzon; fourth from left, Mr. Lloyd George.

PHOTOGRAPH BY I.B.



# FROM FAR AND NEAR: SOME NOTABLE EVENTS ILLUSTRATED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANUEL, G.P.U., C.N., AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



MARSHAL FOCH AS A SPORTSMAN: A GREAT "GUN" WITH A PRESIDENTIAL SHOOTING PARTY AT RAMBOUILLET; AND MILITARY LOADERS.



MARSHAL PÉTAIN AS A SPORTSMAN: ANOTHER GREAT FRENCH WAR LEADER OUT SHOOTING WITH THE PRESIDENT'S PARTY AT RAMBOUILLET.



ROYALTY AT THE ADVERTISING EXHIBITION: THEIR MAJESTIES, WITH QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK, AT THE WHITE CITY.



THE EX-KING OF SYRIA AT THE CENOTAPH: THE EMIR FEISUL DEPOSITING HIS WREATH.



CHOSEN TO MEET CAMBRIDGE ON DECEMBER 11: THE OXFORD "SOCCER" TEAM WHICH WAS BEATEN BY THE CORINTHIANS.



VICTORIOUS AGAINST OXFORD UNIVERSITY AT QUEEN'S CLUB: THE CORINTHIAN ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TEAM.

Marshal Foch and Marshal Pétain were among the guns at M. Millerand's first Presidential shooting party, which enjoyed good sport the other day at Rambouillet. French soldiers, it will be noted, acted as loaders for the two Marshals.—The royal visit to the International Advertising Exhibition at the White City took place on December 3. In our photograph are seen (from left to right) the King, Queen Alexandra, Princess Mary, Queen Maud of Norway, Princess Victoria, the Queen of Denmark, the King of Denmark, and Queen

Mary.—The Emir Feisul arrived in London on the same day, and one of his first acts was to lay a wreath at the base of the Cenotaph. Next day he was received by the King, whom he had come to thank for the presents sent to his father, the King of the Hedjaz, in return for two fine Arab horses which King Hussein had given to his Majesty.—The Corinthians beat Oxford at Association football at Queen's Club on December 4 by 2 goals to nil. The same Oxford team was selected to play Cambridge on the same ground on December 11.



# THE CAMERA IN THREE CONTINENTS: NAVAL AND OTHER OCCASIONS.

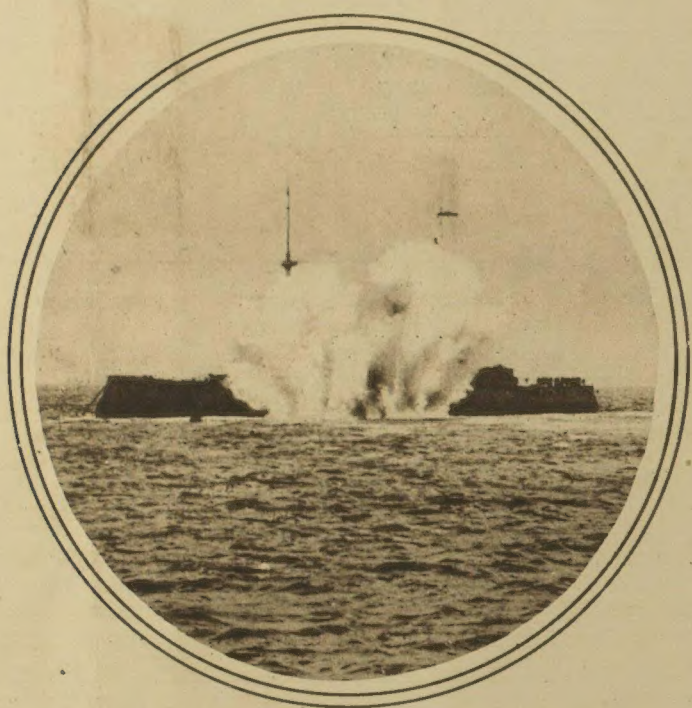
PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., CENTRAL PRESS, MYERS (BOMBAY), AND C.N.



IN THE TRACK OF THE GREAT GALE IN YORKSHIRE: TWO TRAMS BLOWN OVER AT QUEENSBURY, NEAR BRADFORD.



IN THE TRACK OF THE GALE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: A BATTLE-PRACTICE TARGET WRECKED ON THE COAST OF MALTA.



AN OLD AMERICAN BATTLE-SHIP USED FOR BOMB-TESTING: AN EXPLOSION AMIDSHIPS IN THE U.S.S. "INDIANA."



SHOWING THE EFFECTS OF AN AIR-BOMB OF THE LATEST TYPE ON A BATTLE-SHIP: DAMAGE DONE IN THE "INDIANA."



THE FIRST INDIAN COUNCIL ELECTIONS UNDER THE NEW ACT: A BOMBAY VOTER BEING GUIDED INTO A POLLING STATION.

During the great gale which recently swept the country, two tram-cars were blown over on high ground at Queensbury, between Bradford and Halifax. Luckily, no one was injured. Heavy gales have also prevailed in the Mediterranean, and a large Naval battle-practice target was washed ashore on the coast of Malta.—The United States Navy Department has used the old battle-ship "Indiana" for the purpose of testing aeroplane bombs of the latest type. The bombs were not dropped, but placed in various parts of the ship, and then exploded. Our left-hand photograph shows the seventh bomb bursting amid-



THE KING'S INTEREST IN LEAGUE FOOTBALL: HIS MAJESTY SHAKING HANDS WITH THE ARSENAL TEAM AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.

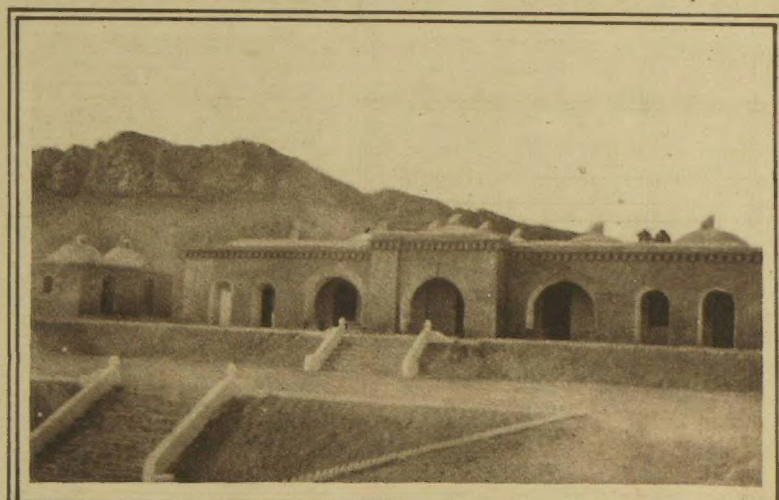
ships.—The first elections under the new Government of India Act were held at Bombay on November 16, when six seats for the non-Mahomedan and general constituencies of the Legislative Council were contested by thirteen candidates. Each candidate used a symbol, such as a cow, lion, or sword, for the benefit of illiterate voters. There were no disturbances.—The King again visited the Chelsea Club ground at Stamford Bridge on December 4, and watched the match between Chelsea and the Arsenal. The latter won by 2 goals to 1. His Majesty shook hands with the teams and chatted with some crippled soldiers.



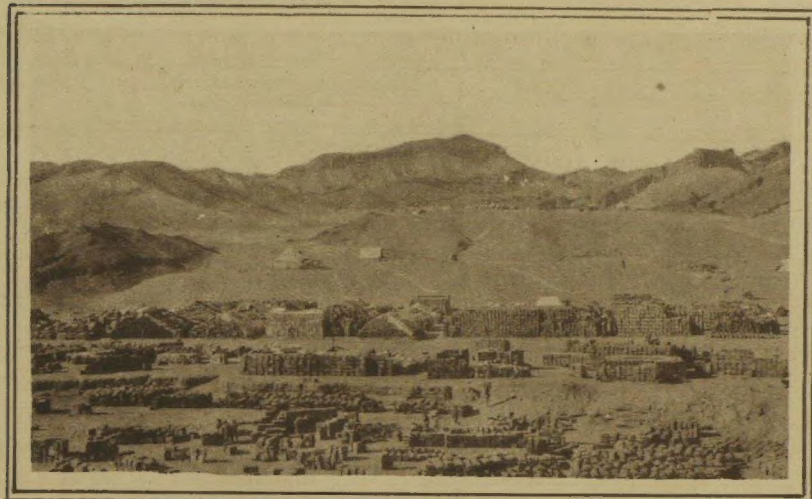
# "Persian Preparations" Said to have Cost £100,000,000: "A Sink of Public Money."



"TWO YEARS' CAMEL HIRE WOULD HAVE PAID FOR A RAILWAY TO MESHED": A CAMEL CONVOY BETWEEN DUZDAP AND HURMUK.

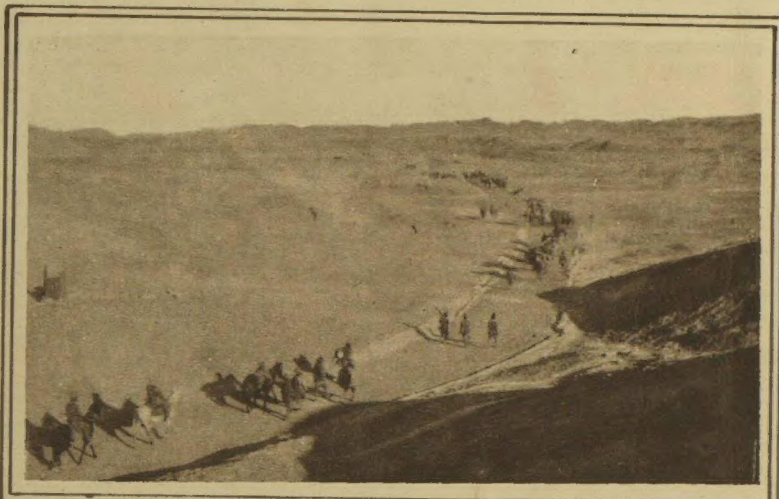


PART OF "A 600-MILE CHAIN OF DERELICT BARRACKS AND OTHER BUILDINGS": THE ELABORATE OFFICERS' MESS AT HURMUK, NOW ABANDONED.



STORES FOR THE EASTERN PERSIAN CORDON FIELD FORCE, NOW WITHDRAWN: A HUGE SUPPLY DEPOT NEAR THE BASE AT HURMUK.

"Persicos odi, puer, apparatus," wrote Horace, and the British taxpayer may well agree with him if all that is said about extravagant expenditure on the East Persian Cordon Field Force is true. A "Times" correspondent, quoting the "Times of India," wrote recently from Bombay: "Millions of pounds were utterly wasted. Two years' camel hire alone would have paid the cost of a railway to Meshed. . . . We have left a 600-mile chain of derelict barracks,



DRIVEN THROUGH REGIONS "OF LITTLE COMMERCIAL VALUE": PART OF THE 725-MILE ROAD, "NOW DERELICT," FROM DUZDAP TO MESHED.

ice-houses, temples, and other buildings, and swimming-baths, to testify to the wealth of England and the dimensions of its taxes. Not one of these barracks was occupied for a full year. The Persians started stripping them on the heels of the withdrawing force. . . . The expedition's cost cannot be much less than £100,000,000." A great motor road, 725 miles long, constructed from Duzdap, in Baluchistan, to Meshed and Askhabad, is described as now derelict.

## Men Who Claim to Rule Ireland: Members of Dail Eireann, the Sinn Fein Parliament.



IN SINN FEIN EYES, "THE ACCREDITED REPRESENTATIVES OF THE IRISH PEOPLE": DAIL EIREANN—INSET (RIGHT) FATHER O'FLANAGAN, ACTING PRESIDENT, AND AUTHOR OF THE PEACE TELEGRAM; (LEFT) MR. ARTHUR GRIFFITH, RECENTLY ARRESTED.

It has been reported that unofficial negotiations for Irish peace have been going on for weeks, at the Foreign Office, between an envoy of Sinn Fein and a representative of the Government. On December 6 the Cabinet met to discuss a telegram recently sent to the Prime Minister by the Rev. Michael O'Flanagan, who, since Mr. Arthur Griffith was arrested, has taken his place as Acting President of the Sinn Fein organisation. The telegram was as follows: "You

state that you are willing to make peace at once without waiting for Christmas. Ireland also is willing. What first step do you propose?" A Sinn Fein official statement on Dec. 7 declared that Father O'Flanagan's telegram was simply an expression of personal opinion, without the sanction of the Executive. "Only Dail Eireann," it continued, "the accredited representatives of the Irish people, has any authority to speak on behalf of Ireland."—[PHOTOGRAPH BY SPORT AND GENERAL.]



## BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

THE success of Mrs. Asquith's and Colonel Repington's Diaries has led to an eager search for diarists among political and social magnates, some of whom may be regretting that they never thought of keeping a record from day to day of their personal experiences. It is not easy to revive the rapture of a heart-to-heart meeting long ago, or to find glittering epigrams in the vast dust-heaps of bygone circumstance. Yet a publisher of my acquaintance has had a dream—the kind defined as by a clothes-horse out of a nightmare—of many celebrities engaged in this distressing toil in order to catch the turn of the literary market. I am afraid it will be too late next year, for the comparative lack of interest shown in the specimen excerpts from the second Margot volume makes for the belief that there are already signs that this particular diet is giving the public dis-Pepsia.

Colonel Repington's Diary will always be valued by historians as a virile, vivacious picture of the war-years from within, by one who was never afraid to take the offensive even on the chiffon front. But I should not be surprised if "EXPERIENCES OF A DUG-OUT" (Constable; 18s. net), by Major-General Sir C. E. Caldwell, K.C.B., were to be regarded as an equally indispensable authority by those who try to "reconstruct" the war epoch fifty or a hundred years hence. Sir Charles Caldwell was Director of Military Operations during the first half of the war, and he subsequently took part in several important missions, which brought him into intimate contact with the problems of Allied co-operation. Essentially his book is a defence of the professional soldier against the politician, the amateur strategist of any and every type, and the "business genius" who was often a fool as well as a fraud. The War Office has always been a cock-shy for minor politicians in search of a crowd-compelling slogan, who cry "W.O." when angling for a cheer, as Habakkuk and other minor prophets *capables de tout* cried "Woe!" in order to attract the attention of Israel. In spite of many blunders, the War Office performed the greatest of all the miracles wrought during a miraculous struggle; for within the space of two years they transformed Great Britain into a Great Military Power—an achievement which would have been regarded as wholly impossible by all the military experts, whether German or French, of pre-war days. Moreover, this miracle was brought to pass in spite of a colossal difficulty created by politicians—that total misconception of the international position of which the Government had been guilty during the years preceding the outbreak of hostilities. "Their conduct in this connection," says Sir Charles Caldwell emphatically, "was the conduct of fools, or of knaves, or of liars." And, as he shows, the blame for deceiving the nation must be equally shared by "His Majesty's Opposition," who, if they knew, never had the courage to warn the country that a war of conquest by Germany was inevitable, and that we could not hold aloof from it. In point of fact, the German declaration of war was written in steel for all to read at their leisure. Sir Charles tells us what he himself saw in June 1914, when he went to look at the German railway developments directed towards the frontiers of Belgium and Luxembourg, and came upon vast railway centres—combinations of Euston, Liverpool Street, and Waterloo—in sparsely-populated and non-industrial regions. Long before the summer of 1914 the nature of these preparations was known, and nothing can excuse the conspiracy

of silence among all sorts and conditions of politicians which prevented us from warning Germany, by works as well as words, that we intended to oppose her long-premeditated plan of world conquest. We escaped the penalty of our unwillingness to face a terrible necessity, but Sir Charles Caldwell warns us not to expect that we shall always have time to create huge armies when the struggle has already begun. "The sedentary type of operations," he observes, "which played so big a part in most theatres, was, it must be remembered, particularly favourable to newly-created formations. Mobile warfare imposes a much more violent test."

The book is full of personality-sketches which are quite equal in literary merit to anything of

our days to come.] So in this vital book, with its soldierly insight into real character and its many flashes of ironical humour, the figure of Kitchener stands like a grey, grim monolith, towering over the high-placed politicians and being at least head and shoulders above the leaders in war, such as Lord French.

The politicians come and go with nimble steps, and are neatly touched off in a few words of exhilarating comment. Mr. Henderson shaped better than most, when military matters were discussed, for "he looked portentous and held his tongue." Sir Edward Carson is a standing interjection of commonsense with his ever-recurring advice: "Mr. Asquith, we really must make up our minds!" Very mirth-provoking is the soldier's description of the constant rivalry between Lord Curzon, Mr. Churchill, and Mr. Lloyd George, who might have been "rivals for the rôle of *prima ballerina assoluta*." Mr. Lloyd George had the best of all such rivalry in discussion, for "he always loved to make his voice heard, and he always succeeded—just as a canary will in a roomful of chattering women." Yes, whatever the Man in the Street or the man at the club window may think, I rate Sir Charles Caldwell's as the best of the war diaries in matter and manner alike.

Does Mr. Balfour keep a Diary? A good many people think he does, being unable to reconcile the amount of time he spends in his library with the slender nature of his literary output. It is to be hoped he does, for he is not only a keen and subtle observer of men and women—particularly women who are apt to appear in the spiritual "altogether" when they come under the spell of his charming power of courteous attention—but also has a gift of style denied to any other elder statesmen, with the exception of Lord Morley. No anthology of modern prose would be complete without examples of his pellucid philosophic English, including the memorable passage in "Foundations of Belief" on the vanity of all human endeavour—

Man will go down into the pit and all his thoughts will perish. The uneasy consciousness, which in this obscure corner has for a brief space broken the contented silence of the universe, will be at rest. Matter will know itself no longer. "Imperishable monuments" and "immortal deeds," death itself, and love stronger than death, will be as though they had never been.

In the very miscellaneous contents of his "ESSAYS, SPECULATIVE AND POLITICAL" (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d. net), there is much to recall that

easy mastery of style so poignantly expressed in his memorable "lyric cry" of modern pessimism. The philosophical essays are best worth reading, though his discussion of M. Bergson's theory of Creative Evolution is now rather in the air, the struggle having been transferred to the place where battle is being joined between those who accept the Bergsonian conception of real time and those who prefer Einstein's theory of time as a fourth variable. Among the political essays, the most interesting to me is the article on "Anglo-German Relations" he contributed to *Nord und Süd* in 1912, which is an emphatic warning to Germany that we had sound reasons for gravely suspecting her intentions. But why was not a similar warning imparted to his own people? It would have been a loss to the politician but a gain to the statesman, whom it would have raised, in history's judgment, above and beyond most of his fellows.



MISTAKEN IDENTITY IN A GAINSBOROUGH PORTRAIT NOW ON VIEW:  
THE DEAD MOTHER IN THE SKY HITHERTO WRONGLY NAMED.

Among the Gainsboroughs at the interesting Exhibition of English Old Masters at Messrs. Agnew's Galleries in Bond Street, is this large group hitherto known as "Mrs. Goddard and her Children." It has now been shown, by Mr. W. T. Whitley, that the dead mother in the sky looking at her children on earth, is not Mrs. William Goddard, daughter of General Sloper, but his wife, Mrs. Sloper. Mrs. Goddard was not married when Gainsborough died in 1788, and she died in 1798. Mr. Whitley quotes a record of the picture in progress, from the painter's friend and chronicler, Sir H. Bate Dudley, who wrote in the "Morning Herald" of July 11, 1787: "Mr. Gainsborough is employed on a subject in which the family of General Sloper is introduced. It is to consist of an interview between the late amiable Mrs. Sloper, who is to be spiritualised in the representation, and her two surviving daughters."—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Thos. Agnew and Sons.]

the kind in the louder works of the greater and the lesser Margot. The figure of Kitchener towers stupendous in its earlier chapters. His faults—e.g., those arising from his being a "great centraliser," and the unwillingness to delegate powers—are not overlooked by the chronicler. But they are seen to amount to little more than the mannerisms of a great man, when we consider that devotion to his country, which left him "in life no rest, in death no grave," and the fact that he, alone among Englishmen, "mastered the realities of the position at once by some sort of instinct, perceived what a stupendous effort would have to be made, took the long view from the start, and foretold that the struggle would last some years." [The curious legend among the poor folk of London that the body of the "Unknown Warrior" was really Kitchener's, secretly recovered from the Germans, is a tribute to the nation's sense of his indispensability, yesterday, to-day, and for all



# THE TRAGEDY OF IRELAND: THE MACROOM AMBUSH; BURNT OFFICES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS, C.N., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND L.N.A.



NEAR THE SCENE OF THE MASSACRE OF SIXTEEN R.I.C. AUXILIARY POLICE: A BURNT-OUT FARMHOUSE NEAR MACROOM.



SHOWING ONE OF THE CARS IN WHICH THE R.I.C. CADETS WERE TRAVELLING: THE WALL BEHIND WHICH THE ASSAILANTS FIRED.



WHERE TWO CARS FULL OF R.I.C. CADETS WERE AMBUSHED, AND THEIR OCCUPANTS SHOT DOWN: A BURNT-OUT CAR ON THE SCENE OF THE MASSACRE.



THE HOMECOMING OF VICTIMS OF THE MACROOM MASSACRE: COFFINS DRAPED IN THE UNION JACK ON BOARD THE GUN-BOAT "THISTLE."



THE FUNERAL OF CADET W. T. BARNES, D.F.C., ONE OF THE MACROOM VICTIMS: FIRING A VOLLEY OVER HIS GRAVE IN BENHILTON CEMETERY, SUTTON.

Two motor-lorries containing seventeen R.I.C. Auxiliary Cadets and one constable were ambushed at dusk on Sunday, November 28, at a lonely spot on the road near Macroom, Co. Cork. Sixteen were killed, one wounded, and one missing. An official account says: "At about five p.m. the patrol reached a point where the road curves. Low stone walls flank the road. . . . The Cadets were shot down by concealed men. . . . Overwhelming forces of the ambushers came out and forcibly disarmed the survivors. There followed a brutal massacre." The sixteen bodies were afterwards removed to Cork, where a funeral procession took place. At Custom House Quay the coffins were placed in the gun-boat "Thistle,"



WHERE THREE WOMEN LIVING ABOVE WERE RESCUED BY FIRE-ESCAPE: DAMAGE IN THE OFFICES OF THE "FREEMAN'S JOURNAL," DUBLIN.

which took them to Queenstown. There they were transferred to the destroyer "Undine," and conveyed in her to Pembroke Dock. Cadet W. T. Barnes, son of Mr. T. W. Barnes, of Sutton, was buried at Sutton on December 4. He gained a commission in the war after serving as a private, and as an R.A.F. pilot won the D.F.C. after bringing down eleven enemy aeroplanes. On the night of November 29, in Dublin, armed men held up the staff of the "Irish Times," the chief Unionist paper in Ireland, and a fire occurred at the office of the Nationalist paper, the "Freeman's Journal." Three women living above it were rescued by fire-escape.



# THE IRISH EXTREMISTS' IDEA OF WAGING WAR: MURDER MOST FOUL.

FROM THE PAINTING

BY W. R. S. STOTT.



## IN IRELAND NOW: AN INCIDENT IN THE "WELL-

Our artist's painting does not purport to show the actual details of any particular crime, which it would be hardly possible to reconstruct. But it is typical of many such tragic scenes that have recently taken place in Ireland. The fourteen British officers, for example, who were murdered in Dublin on that terrible Sunday, November 21, died in circumstances such as these. Their rooms were suddenly invaded by gangs of armed assassins, who took them unawares at an hour when they were either dressing or still in bed, and shot them without mercy. The murdered men had no chance of defending themselves. The wives of some of them were present when the gangs broke in, but their

## ORGANISED, HIGHLY-SUBSIDISED MURDER CAMPAIGN."

pleading for their husbands' lives was callously disregarded. Speaking of this state of things a few days ago, the Premier said: "There is a well-organised, highly-subsidised murder campaign going on in Ireland against men who are engaged in discharging the elementary duties of civilisation in that country. . . . There is intimidation, there is murder, and such treachery—murder, cowardly murder by men apparently unarmed." It should, of course, be recognised that the murder-gang is but a section of the Sinn Féiners, many of whom do not countenance anything beyond ordinary political measures.—(Painting Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)



## Christmas in Storyland: Illustrated Gift Books.

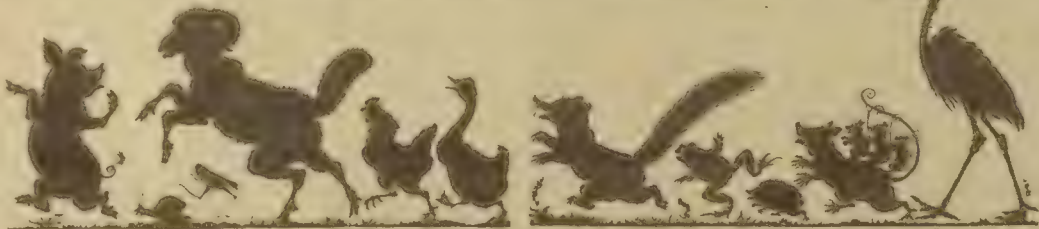
THIS season more illustrated gift books have come our way than in the last few years, and we are glad to think that this indicates brisker business in the publishing trade. In this class of literature what chiefly counts is the illustrations. They might be roughly divided into the fantastic and the realistic, and subdivided in each of these two kinds into the sentimental and the humorous; but this classification does not always apply, for the different varieties often shade off into each other. We take them here mainly in the order of artistic quality, arranging the books also, to some extent, under the headings of legend, fairyland, real life, and poetry.

First of all, we must mention a delightful new edition of Nathaniel Hawthorne's romance "The Scarlet Letter" (Methuen), partly on account of its beautiful *format*, and partly because the numerous and charming colour-plates represent at its best the work of that fine illustrator, the late Mr. Hugh Thomson, who died a few months ago. One could not wish for a better edition of this famous story.

Next we turn to another eminent illustrator, Mr. Arthur Rackham, whose industry and fanciful invention appear to be alike inexhaustible. His fascinating pictures for "Grimm's Fairy Tales" were originally published in 1909. They now adorn two separate volumes, one called "Snowdrop and Other Tales" (Constable), and the other "Hansel and Gretel and Other Tales" (Constable). It is not stated on what principle the two groups of stories have been arranged, but on a cursory glance we should say that the former was more suitable for girls, and the latter—as being more bloodthirsty—for boys. The exquisite colour-plates in both, as well as the black-and-white drawings, are as fresh as ever on renewed acquaintance. Mr. Rackham has also illustrated in his own inimitable style three other books—"Irish Fairy Tales," by James Stephens (Macmillan), a soothing change from current Irish realities; "The Sleeping Beauty," told by C. S. Evans (Heinemann): in this attractive version of the old story the illustrations are a *tour-de-force* in silhouette; and "The Springtide of Life," Poems of Childhood by Algernon Charles Swinburne, with a preface by Edmund Gosse (Heinemann). The

marginal drawings in the last-named are not quite up to Mr. Rackham's standard, and, despite the beauty of the eight colour-plates, the whole book, with its many pages of unadorned type, presents rather a plain appearance. Swinburne's childhood poems were worthy of richer decorative treatment.

Of all types of illustrated books young readers love best one containing a good (but not goody-goody) and amusing story, accompanied by plentiful pictures wherein realism is combined with abounding fun. An excellent example of this type is "Reynard the Fox," told by C. S. Evans, with illustrations by L. R. Brightwell (Evans Brothers). Even better than the colour-plates are the delicious marginal drawings on every page, so true to animal life and yet so full of human humour. Fond parents and kind uncles asking for this book must not confuse it with Mr. John Masefield's hunting poem with the same title. The subject brings us



"AND THEN ALL THE OTHER BEASTS CRIED OUT FOR REYNARD TO BE GIVEN UP TO THEM."

From an Illustration by L. R. Brightwell to "Reynard the Fox," told by C. S. Evans. (Evans Bros.)

to another volume, which forms, as it were, a prose counterpart to Mr. Masefield's vulpine epic—namely, "The Life of a Fox, Written by Himself," by Thomas Smith, Master of the Pytchley, with colour-plates after H. Alken, and others, and an introduction by Lord Willoughby de Broke (Edward Arnold). The sporting pictures are first-rate reproductions, and the book will please any devotee of the chase, grown-up or otherwise.

Romantic readers on the shady side of ten or so will like "Tristram of Lyones and La Beale Isoude," drawn out of the Celtic French and illuminated by Evelyn Paul (Harrap). The dainty colour-plates, page decorations, and large clear type give the old Arthurian legend in a setting that is "passing pleasant." Hence we are carried yet further back in antiquity to "The Adventures of Odysseus and The Tale of Troy," by Padraic Colum, presented by Willy Pogany (Harrap). This is the first attempt to combine in one volume the stories of the Iliad and the Odyssey. It has bright colour-plates and many line-drawings in the Flaxman style, but more spirited.

We now come to a group of illustrated verse. "The Year's at the Spring," an anthology of recent poetry, compiled by L. D'O. Walters and illustrated by Harry Clarke, with an introduction by Harold Monro (Harrap), includes poems by such famous names as Hilaire Belloc, Rupert Brooke, G. K. Chesterton, W. H. Davies, Walter De La Mare, John Drinkwater, J. E. Flecker, Thomas Hardy, John Masefield, Sir William Watson, and W. B. Yeats. The pictures, both in colour and (more especially) those in black-and-white, are on a high level of artistic merit, and admirably adapted to their several subjects. Illustrations to poetry are too often vapid and futile, but these add interest to the text. The whole book is very well produced as to type, paper, and reproduction. Another very charming book of verse, with music, is "I Wonder Why," sixteen songs for children by the late Sir Alfred Scott-Gatty, with words by Dorothy Pleydell-Bouverie, and illustrations by W. Graham Robertson (Collins, with Herman Darewski). Mr. Graham Robertson's colour-plates, which get broad effects with breezy vigour, are worthy of his high reputation.

In a more intricate manner, with pretty colouring but less vitality, Mr. Warwick Goble has done sixteen

colour-plates for "The Book of Fairy Poetry" edited by Dora Owen (Longmans, Green). It contains many of the best-known British ballads and fairy poems from Shakespeare, Keats, Tennyson, Christina Rossetti, and other poets, and makes an anthology well designed to give young readers a taste for the finest verse. One of the best living writers of poetry for children, not unworthy to rank with Stevenson, is Walter De La Mare, who is represented by "A Child's Day," a book of rhymes "to pictures by" Carine and Will Cadby (Constable). The said "Pictures" are a set of delightful photographs of a little girl—

The same little Ann as there you see  
Smiling as happy as happy can be.  
And all that my song is meant to say  
Is just what she did one long, long day.

Many days of a child's life will go to fill up "Baby's Record" (Harrap), when the tale is completed by each young mother who has the luck to be given a copy. It contains spaces for various biographical details of infancy, with a few poems by well-known authors, delicate border designs, and pretty colour-plates. The colour pictures are by Anne Anderson, but her name is unaccountably omitted from the title-page. The subjects of "Tinker Tailor" ballads and rhymes by Madeleine Nightingale, with script and woodcuts by Charles T. Nightingale (Duckworth), are not the infantile doggerel that the title suggests. It is a small collection of original story-poems in a religious and tragic vein—good work, but rather sad for young readers.

It remains to mention briefly two illustrated story-books, each containing a single tale, as distinct from the variorum sort. "The City Curious," by Jean de Boschère, is illustrated by the author and re-told in English by F. Tennyson Jesse (Heinemann). We presume the original was in French; and the pictures, which are numerous, both coloured and plain, have a quaint, foreign air which is refreshing. "The Password to Fairyland," by Elizabeth Southward, with drawings, coloured and otherwise, by Florence Mary Anderson (Simpkin Marshall), is also a long single story, with moderately attractive colour-plates and line-drawings.



"I BRING FOR YOU, AGLINT WITH DEW, A LITTLE LOVELY DREAM."

From an Illustration in Colour by Harry Clarke, to an Indian Cradle-Song, in "The Year's at the Spring," an Anthology of recent Poetry. (Harrap and Co.)



"THE KING'S ONLY DAUGHTER HAD BEEN CARRIED OFF BY A DRAGON."

From an Illustration in Colour by Arthur Rackham to "The Four Clever Brothers," in "Snowdrop and Other Tales," by the Brothers Grimm. (Constable and Co.)



# "SINN FEINERS" OF THE 'EIGHTIES: HISTORY THAT HAS REPEATED ITSELF.

REPRODUCED FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF MARCH 24 AND APRIL 14, 1883.



LIKE RECENT EVENTS IN LIVERPOOL: THE FENIAN DYNAMITE PLOT IN ENGLAND OF 1883—A SECRET NITRO-GLYCERINE FACTORY DISCOVERED IN BIRMINGHAM.



PRECURSORS OF SINN FEIN: CONSPIRATORS IN THE FENIAN DYNAMITE PLOT OF 1883 IN THIS COUNTRY; AND DISCOVERIES BY THE POLICE IN LONDON.



AN OUTRAGE SUCH AS THE POLICE GUARD AGAINST TO-DAY: A FENIAN EXPLOSION IN THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD OFFICE IN DOWNING STREET ON MARCH 15, 1883.



WHERE BARRICADES HAVE LATELY BEEN ERECTED: A FENIAN ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP GOVERNMENT OFFICES IN CHARLES STREET IN 1883.

Irish history repeats itself, and the Sinn Feiners of to-day have their counterparts in the Fenians of last century. In our issue of March 24, 1883, pages from which are reproduced in the two lower illustrations here, we read: "The terrible explosion which caused so much havoc in the Office of the Local Government Board in Downing Street on the night of Thursday, the 15th (happily without loss of life) . . . is reasonably attributed to Fenian conspirators." Again, in our issue of April 14, 1883, which contained the two pages reproduced here in the two upper illustrations, we read: "The police have discovered a manufactory of infernal machines at Cork and a laboratory for making nitro-glycerine at Birmingham, and are following up clues which point to a widespread plot. . . .

Whitehead, the manufacturer of nitro-glycerine in a back street of Birmingham, was entrapped, and supposed confederates captured at Euston Square, Southampton Street, and the Charing Cross Hotel." The drawings in the top left illustration show: (1) Whitehead's house and shop in Ledsam Street, Birmingham; (2) Detective Sergeant Richard Price; (3) The scullery, used as a laboratory; (4) Kitchen behind the shop; (5) A carboy containing 170 lb. of nitro-glycerine; (6) A vat containing explosive liquid, in the cellar. The lower left illustration shows: (1) The window where the explosion occurred; (2) Clerks' office; (3) Servants' bed-room; (4) Waiting-room; (5) General view and (x) the window where the dynamite was placed.





# "THE RIGHT TO STRIKE."

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS. By ERNEST HUTCHINSON.



## ACT IV.

ACTS I, II, AND III. APPEARED IN OUR ISSUES OF NOV. 13, 27, AND DEC. 4.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

(The following Morning.)

*Living-Room of Ben Ormerod's Cottage.*

The room is the plain kitchen-parlour common to every workman's cottage in Lancashire.

Click-latch window. Armchair at fire. Basket-chair up right of window. Basin off left for DONALD.

The kitchen range is down right, with a small fire burning and a kettle on the hob. Up centre is the window, looking out into the street. Next to it is the street-door. Left is a door leading to the rest of the house. Below this door is a mahogany sideboard.

On the walls hang popular lithographs in cheap frames, also several glazed, plush photographs of Blackpool Tower, Morecambe Front, etc. There are also photographs of groups of railway employees and N.C.O.s in khaki. An armchair is opposite the fire. A large deal table—half dresser, half dinner-table, with a light check cloth, at present folded off to allow several enamel basins, cloths; a bottle of brandy and glasses stand right centre.

Several more chairs, some with antimacassars, and a pot of flowers, complete the furniture.

Everything is of the rather pretentious type seen in the shops of most Lancashire towns, but dear, and preserved with a pathetic care, out of all proportion to its value.

It is about five o'clock in the morning of the day after the events of Act III. Though the day is beginning to break, the blinds are drawn, and one of the incandescent lights over the table is burning.

There is a knock at the street-door. After a pause ELIZABETH tip-toes in from the door (left) and opens the street-door.

[Enter the Two MEDICAL STUDENTS, one carrying a large iron cylinder, the other a case of instruments.]

ELIZABETH. Sh!

1ST M. S. Dr. Miller sent up to the Infirmary for these.

ELIZABETH. Thank you for coming so quick.

2ND M. S. This is the anæsthetic, and these are the instruments.

ELIZABETH. You're sure they're the ones he asked for?

2ND M. S. They're the ones Doctor Wrigley always uses.

ELIZABETH. Will you take them in, please? Step as quietly as you can.

1ST M. S. Right!

[Exit the Two MEDICAL STUDENTS through the door (left), carrying the cylinder and instrument-case.]

[ELIZABETH goes to the window, lifts the blind and sees it is barely light. Comes down to the fire, pokes it, and looks at the kettle.]

[Re-enter the Two MEDICAL STUDENTS from door, left.]

ELIZABETH. [Crosses up to them, left.] Did John Wrigley get Doctor Miller's message?

1ST M. S. [Up left.] Not yet. Dr. Wrigley cannot be found anywhere. They're still searching for him. [Comes to her up centre.]

ELIZABETH. [Turns to fire.] Will you have a cup of tea? I've got it ready.

2ND M. S. No, thanks. We must get back. We only came because we thought Doctor Wrigley might possibly be here and waiting for the things.

1ST M. S. What time is it?

ELIZABETH. [Looks at clock on mantelpiece.] Close on five o'clock.

2ND M. S. You've had a long night of it.

ELIZABETH. Aye. Doctor Miller's been wonderful. [Moves away, right centre.]

1ST M. S. [Follows her.] How about Mrs. Eric? She looks thoroughly worn out.

ELIZABETH. She is, poor dear, but she won't leave. I haven't pressed her, as it's only this fighting for Rose that keeps her mind off her own troubles.

2ND M. S. Well, we'll be off. Good-bye. [Up left.]

ELIZABETH. Here, let me open the door. [Crosses up to door.] I'll do it quieter than you.

[ELIZABETH gets up and opens street-door for them. Exit MEDICAL STUDENTS.]

[ELIZABETH shuts door and comes back into room. She listens, then looks up.]

[Enter MARY and BEN from the door, left. Both look thoroughly worn out.]

BEN. [To MARY.] Leave the door open: She might call for me. [Crosses to chair, right, and leans on mantelpiece.]

[ELIZABETH is up centre at window.]

[MARY leaves the door (left) ajar. BEN comes and sits in the armchair by the fire and gazes abstractedly before him. MARY comes to him and tries to make him lean back.]

MARY. [Crossing to BEN below table.] Rest a bit, Ben.

BEN. She's easier now?

MARY. Much easier.

BEN. You're sure the doctor'll not keep me from her?

MARY. No, no; of course not.

[Pause.]

BEN. He's a good man—he's a good man!

ELIZABETH. [Up centre. Takes MARY to table.] Shall I get you something, dearie?

MARY. [Up centre.] No, Nana; nothing, thank you. [Move together to above table.]

ELIZABETH. [Nodding towards the door, left.] Is there any hope?

MARY. [Quietly to her—unheard by BEN.] One chance—John Wrigley.



GORDON MONTAGUE (Leon M. Lion): We've won, Ben!  
Mr. Leon M. Lion and Mr. Lauderdale Maitland.

[MARY goes up towards the window and sits on a chair. ELIZABETH follows her.]

Why doesn't he come? They've everything ready now. [Moves down and sits in chair left of table.]

[A pause. MARY jumps up again nervously.] I can't—I can't sit still—I must be doing something. I daren't think—I daren't! [Sits in chair at table.]

ELIZABETH. Lovey, dear! [Down to her.]

MARY. Eric—Eric!

[Exit MARY through door, left. She closes it behind her. A knock is heard at the street-door as MARY goes out. ELIZABETH opens it. WALTER DEWHURST is seen outside in the growing light.]

DEWHURST. Can I see Ben Ormerod?

ELIZABETH. Aye, come in.

[Enter DEWHURST.]

Step quietly. [Closes door.]

DEWHURST. How's his wife?

ELIZABETH. Badly. [Up left.]

[DEWHURST comes right to BEN.]

DEWHURST. [Right centre.] Well, Ben.

BEN. [Right.] That you, Walter?

DEWHURST. I just had to drop in, Ben. Cheer up, old lad, they'll pull her through all right.

BEN. I shouldn't have sacrificed her—it was my fault for being so stubborn. Yet I couldn't desert them now. Mrs. Eric's an angel from heaven—think what she must be going through! Never a word of reproach. Walter, I daren't look her in the face—I daren't!

DEWHURST. Come, Ben, that wasn't your fault—you mustn't blame yourself for that.

BEN. What's been t' good of it all? Even if we win, and I should lose Rose!

[A distant blast is heard.]

What's that? [Rising.]

[Three blasts.]

[With a note of apprehension in his voice.] Walter, that's the five-two whistling for the level crossing. What does it all mean?

DEWHURST. [Right centre.] It's been settled, Ben—the strike's over. We arranged it after you left.

BEN. [Right.] Then we've lost, after all—lost! [Leans on mantelpiece.]

DEWHURST. By no means! Sir Roger was most reasonable. We haven't got the full advance at present, but, believe me, it's only a matter of another few weeks. The men seem very satisfied, and realise they owe it all to you.

BEN. We've lost—we've lost!

DEWHURST. [Right centre.] Nonsense! We've come through with flying colours.

BEN. But we're working—and working on the Company's terms—and I've given so much—so very much! [Sits again, right.]

[Enter MARY through the door, left. She looks to see who has come, and puts her fingers to her lips to enjoin silence.]

DEWHURST. But, Ben—

MARY. Sh! [Comes down and shakes hands with DEWHURST.]

DEWHURST. [Goes to MARY.] All right. You look tired.

MARY. [Left centre.] Don't worry about me. Is it settled?

DEWHURST. [At end of table.] Yes. Work is resumed this morning. We owe it all to Doctor Miller. Whilst we were talking he gave us the lead we wanted. He's the strongest man of us all.

MARY. He's been wonderful!

DEWHURST. I haven't been to bed all night. I'm off now for a bit of sleep. I shall come in and see you, whatever happens, before I go back to London. I want to shake the Doctor by the hand.

MARY. Do, Mr. Dewhurst. [Offers her hand.] Thank you so much for all you've done.

DEWHURST. [Taking her hand in his.] It's been little enough. Good-bye.

[DEWHURST turns and goes up to the street-door—opens it, pauses, and then turns towards MARY.]

Think as kindly as you can of us trade unionists.

[Exit DEWHURST into street, closing door after him. MARY goes up to the window and looks through the blind; it is almost day. ELIZABETH is sitting on chair, up right.]

MARY. Nana!

ELIZABETH. Yes, dearie.

MARY. It's nearly light.

ELIZABETH. [Bustling to the gas.] Why, so it is! Bless my soul, and we're wasting gas! [Turns out the gas.]

[MARY pulls up the blind. A cold, white light, which grows stronger during the rest of the act, illuminates the room.]

MARY. It's going to be a beautiful day. Aren't you tired, Nana?

[Down to left of ELIZABETH.]

ELIZABETH. [At middle of table.] Me, dearie? No, Nana's never tired. We old folks don't miss our sleep like you children.

[Enter DR. DONALD through door, left. He looks serious; beckons MARY to him and whispers. Exit MARY through door, left.]

[DR. DONALD comes down to ELIZABETH.]

DONALD. [Left centre. Beckons to her.] No news of Doctor Wrigley?

ELIZABETH. [Goes to him.] They can't find him.

DONALD. [Left.] You go straight home at once. Get some hot breakfast ready—at once. Whatever happens, Doctor Miller will be home within the hour. At once! [Goes up to window and back to ELIZABETH at street-door.]

[ELIZABETH quickly gets her bonnet and cloak from rack up left, and goes to the street-door. With her hand on the latch she turns.]

ELIZABETH. And Mrs. Eric?

DONALD. She will be with him.

[Exit ELIZABETH.]



[DONALD closes door, comes to sideboard and pours out a stiff glass of brandy into a tumbler, which he then brings to BEN. Puts his hand on BEN's shoulder. BEN looks up.]

BEN, I want you to drink this.

[Pause.]

BEN. What is it?

DONALD. Only brandy—drink!

[As BEN drinks, DR. MILLER enters from the door, left. He is wearing a white surgeon's overall. He comes quietly into the room.]

[DONALD takes glass from BEN, puts it on table and goes up to window.] BEN, Doctor Miller has something to say to you.

MILLER. [Crossing to BEN.] Ben!

BEN. I'm listening.

MILLER. Ben—Rose is very ill.

BEN. [Bitterly.] Whose fault is that?

MILLER. [Gently.] My fault, Ben.

DONALD. [Slightly down to DR. MILLER.]

If you'd been with her all the week, it could have made no difference.

[DR. MILLER silences him with a gesture.]

MILLER. It was my fault. I was wrong, and I should never have let myself be carried away as I was—but, Eric, my boy—

BEN. I warned him.

MILLER. I know. But that's past. We must think of Rose now; she needs all our help. There is only one chance of saving her and the child, or at least one of them. Don't build—for God's sake don't build on what I am telling you; but there is just one chance. That is why I have sent for Dr. Wrigley.

BEN. John Wrigley—why?

MILLER. Because that one chance lies in one of the most dangerous and difficult operations in surgery, and in the time left to us, John Wrigley is the only surgeon we can hope to reach who can undertake the operation with the slightest chance of success.

BEN. Will he come?

MILLER. We don't know—he can't be found.

BEN. You—why can't you or Dr. Donald?

MILLER. Dr. Donald is not a surgeon, and I—well, it's a question of nerves.

BEN. Won't you try?

MILLER. If Dr. Wrigley doesn't come within the next half-hour it will be my duty—to try. It may be my punishment for my stubbornness and hardness of heart—to fail. God help me! [Gets up to window, then over left.] God help me!

DONALD. [Crosses from table to BEN and then over to door, left.] John Wrigley will come all right, Ben.

[DR. MILLER and DONALD cross together towards the door, left. BEN rises as they reach it.]

BEN. Doctor!

[DR. MILLER turns.]

Can I see her again before—before—?

MILLER. Better see her whilst she still knows you. [Makes a move.] Wait, I'll call you!

[Exit DR. MILLER and DONALD through door, left. BEN stands staring after them, then moves to right end of table.]

BEN. Half-an-hour!

[A pause, then the door is slowly seen to open. Knock on door. The door is fully open, and MONTAGUE comes a pace into the room. BEN draws back, but does not take his eyes off him.]

MONTAGUE. [At door.]

BEN—is all well, Ben?

[A pause. BEN is silent, facing him.]

We've won! Haven't you heard! We've got the rise before the others. We've won! Ben, they've all been against us, I know, but we've won; hasn't it been worth it?

[Another pause. BEN is still silent. MONTAGUE drops his outstretched hand, and, turning slowly, goes out, closing the door quietly after him.]

[Exit MONTAGUE.]

[BEN remains staring at the closed door. A pause, then DONALD and MARY enter through door, left. MARY comes to BEN, takes his hand. BEN starts slightly at

her touch. DONALD is above bedroom door, left.]

MARY. [Crosses to BEN, centre.] Ben—will you come—she is asking for you? [Leads him across the room.]

[As they cross, the railway whistle is again heard, a heavy blast.]

BEN. That's the five-twenty running again. I wonder who's in my box this morning?

[MARY and BEN go out together—MARY first—through the door, left.]

[Exit MARY and BEN.]

[DONALD comes to the fire, lifts kettle and pours a little hot water into one of the enamel basins on the table, tests it with his finger, appears satisfied, and replaces kettle on fire. As he does so the street-door opens and JOHN WRIGLEY enters. He



MARY MILLER (Marjorie Day): Eric's soul is in my keeping!

Left to right: Mr. Charles Kenyon; Mr. E. Holman Clark; Miss Marjorie Day; Mr. Lauderdale Maitland.

wears an overcoat, but no hat, and looks haggard and slightly unkempt. DONALD leaves basin and instruments on table up right.]

DONALD. Thank God you've come at last! We've all your own things ready for you.

[WRIGLEY makes no effort to remove his overcoat.]

JOHN. Tell them I'm here. [Gets over to right centre.]

[Exit DONALD through door, left.]

[JOHN stands just where he came into the room. Enter DR. MILLER and BEN through the door, left. DR. MILLER goes up to WRIGLEY. MILLER brings in a white coat with him, and puts it on table up right.]

MILLER. [Up to JOHN.] John, they found you in time?

JOHN. Yes.

MILLER. [Right centre.] We thought you'd never come. Take your coat off, John. We wondered wherever you were all night.

life of a helpless girl—my wife, Rose. [Up to left end of table.]

JOHN. [Right centre.] Last week we wanted coal for our workers—we wanted food for our children—we wanted medicines for our sick and helpless. Did you bring them to us?

BEN. That's over—we're working now.

JOHN. Over! The grass is just beginning to grow on Eric's grave.

[MARY covers her eyes with her hand.]

MILLER. [Down table, centre.] John, I am a doctor and you are a doctor—we have a sacred duty.

JOHN. I have no duties. I am no longer a doctor. [To fire-place.]

MILLER. John!

JOHN. [Right.] Perhaps you haven't heard. I am to be struck off the register. Mr. James forbade me to practise before he left yesterday.

MILLER. [Right centre.] Impossible!

JOHN. It's been worth it. [A step forward.] What does it matter what happens to me—to any of us—if we have won at least some small right that can never be lost to those who follow us? For the right to live her own life, England has just given a million lives—for the right to strike I have given my best friend and my career—my very livelihood. For the right to strike, Ben is giving his wife! [Moves a little to table.]

BEN. No! [Sinks into chair (left) at table again.]

JOHN. [Right centre.] Yes—that's what I learnt from Eric last night. [Leaning over table.]

MARY. Never! [Arms on BEN's shoulder. Comes down.] Eric's body lies in the churchyard, but Eric's soul is in my keeping. I know it—I feel it. It's so wonderfully true! Every good thought I think makes him happy—every mean

thought I think makes him sad. He is with me always, and in my hands lies the happiness of us both.

MILLER. Mary! [Puts out his hand to her.]

MARY. [Moves up to MILLER and takes his hand.] Oh, haven't we all rather lost sight of something this past fortnight—these past six years? Haven't we all rather forgotten we're all God's children? We've been so long fighting each other—fighting each other to kill and fighting each other for our own selfish rights.

[Slight pause.]

BEN. It's only fair play we want.

JOHN. Justice!

[MILLER moves to fire.]

MARY. [Moves to above table.] Isn't that a bit unreasonable in this world? Perhaps I can't pretend to understand the rights and wrongs of to-day like you, but surely there comes a time to all of us when our strength and knowledge fail, and we say, like you, "What's been the good of it all?" [To JOHN.] Isn't it then we feel there is something bigger and better behind it all if we could only find it?

[A pause.]

BEN. Who is to show us?

MARY. [Gently.] Wasn't it shown us in Galilee two thousand years ago?

BEN. [Rises and moves to left centre.] Religion? I don't hold with religion.

MARY. There's a greater thing in life—and death—than what you call religion. Perhaps only those who have really loved are shown it. Oh, don't you understand? [Moves down a little.]

MILLER. I think I do.

[Comes down right centre.]

JOHN. [At end of table, right centre.] I've given up everything. I've made every sacrifice, but I've won. Would you take my victory from me?

MARY. [Crosses to centre.] I would have you make it complete. Must you still sacrifice after two thousand years? Can nothing be won to-day without sacrifice?

You've sacrificed a great deal—I've sacrificed everything. Must Ben be asked to sacrifice everything too?

JOHN. [At table.] Eric—my best pal!

MARY. [Moves down facing centre.] Eric—my husband!

JOHN. [Goes up right and takes his coat off. To DR. MILLER.] Give Rose the anæsthetic.

[As DR. MILLER crosses to door, left]

CURTAIN.

[THE END]



DR. WRIGLEY (Charles Kenyon): Give Rose the anæsthetic.

Left to right: Mr. E. Holman Clark; Mr. Charles Kenyon; Miss Marjorie Day; Mr. Lauderdale Maitland.

JOHN. [Right.] Shall I tell you? They found me sitting in the churchyard by the grave of my best friend—your son—the boy who was murdered by Ben Ormerod last week!

[MARY enters through door (left) in time to hear this last sentence. She puts her hand to her heart.]

Now, what do you want with me here?

[MILLER goes up to table, right.]

BEN. Dr. Wrigley, I want you to save the



## ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

IT is the French who term the 'little sound-post within the violin, *l'âme du violon*, and it is a very present thought at a sale of violins by old makers that the soul is absent. It is not that the whole collection is minus its sound-posts, but that dead musicians are as "dead as the tunes of yesterday"—

Yet Time ironically spares

These strings on which their fingers strayed.

A collection of pictures by Old Masters vibrates with colour, but an array of silent violins has a pathos of its own. They are valued by reason of the maker, and the soul he put into his work, or the exactitude with which he learned the acoustic properties of his materials. One likes to think of the joyousness and gaiety which went to the making of these old violins. One remembers a violin-maker's plane of iron, exhibited by the Worshipful Company of Musicians, ornamented and engraved with musical notes and the words of an old French love-song, with the name Jacques Bocquay of Paris, 1715; and the name of Bocquay is still remembered as a fine maker.

Our old English violin-makers had a reputation on the Continent: Barak Norman, of St. Paul's Churchyard, was of the late seventeenth century. Samuel Pepys may have played on one of his instruments when, as he records on Dec. 3, 1660, he rose by candle-light and spent some time fiddling till he set out for the Admiralty. Peter Walmsley, of the "Harp and Hautboy in Piccadilly," is another maker of mid-eighteenth-century days. But it is to Italy that one turns for old masters. The name of Antonius Stradivarius of Cremona has eclipsed those of his predecessors, Andreas Amati and Gasparo da Salo, of the sixteenth century, and that of his contemporary Joseph Guarnerius.

"Strads" there are with fine pedigrees, such as the "Hellier," made in 1679, and purchased from the maker by Sir Samuel Hellier of Wombourne, Staffordshire; and when such a fine example as the "Muir Mackenzie Strad" comes into the market, there is an expectant flutter. Nor were connoisseurs disappointed when Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, at their sale of a valuable collection of old violins, violas, violoncellos, and bows on Dec. 2, sold this famous violin, which was presented to the late Sir John Muir Mackenzie, for the sum of £1700. It might come as a brain-wave to the spectator at such an auction to suggest that a trained musician should bring forth the tones of old violins offered for sale. This was once tried, but the music either failed to charm the bidders, or it held them too spell-bound to induce the repetition of the experiment.

Engravings and drawings, framed and in the portfolio, claim the attention of other *cognoscenti*. Messrs. Sotheby sold on Dec. 2 and 3 many

properties, including a fine collection of caricatures belonging to Colonel Willes of Weymouth. They included Rowlandson, Gillray, and Dighton, and embraced contemporary satire on the American *contretemps* under George III., the trial of Warren Hastings, the scandal of George IV. and Mrs. Fitzherbert, and other items always delectable to the truffle-hunters in bygone caricature. It would be a happy event for collectors if Margot could bring out an illustrated edition; Max Beerbohm and Poy might oblige. Serious prints of fine prestige were Blooteling's "Charles, Duke of Lorraine"; "John Camprich de Cronfelt," and "Henry Casimir, Prince of Nassau." "Sir Thomas Overbury," by R. Elstracke, first state, was a fine acquisition—the courtier and poet who fell by assassins—being poisoned in the Tower—in the James I. period. To turn over the portfolios of the late Sir Charles Fairfax Murray, that great connoisseur, was an invitation not to be lost. Though here is the residue, the mere shavings from his life workshop, yet what suggestive

Gainsborough's portrait of his wife and Hogarth's Josiah Wedgwood should have won keener appreciation, especially the latter. A Cuyp landscape with horsemen, on panel, mentioned in Dr. Hofstede de Groot's "Catalogue of Dutch Painters," and a Wouvermans (also a panel) the insuperable master of horsemen in groups, in his "A Conflict of Cavalry for a Standard," hall-marked from the Maitland Collection (1831), the Oppenheim Collection (1864), the Page-Turner Collection (1903), and referred to by Dr. Hofstede de Groot, stood on their indisputable pedigree.

From mere modernities of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, one turns to real antiquities in a collection of primitive Egyptian, Greek, and Roman objects of art which were sold on December 6 and 7 by Messrs. Sotheby. The gamut was extensive, from Palæolithic and Neolithic implements from the Thames Valley—

knives, daggers, swords, spear-heads in flint, including a Viking battle-axe from Kew bridge in iron, and a mace-head in oak from the quiet retreats of Mortlake, only 3 in. long, but offering sufficient archaeological evidence as to the blood-thirsty proclivities of the former inhabitants of that respectable suburb. A fine costrel, or pilgrim's bottle, came up, and, in the Greek antiquities, certain red-figured pyxides (6½ in. high), decorated with brides and bridegrooms, with Helios driving his four-horse chariot, belong to the fifth century before Christ. Of Roman antiquities, a fine collection known as the "Treasure Trove of Leyris" (Ardèche, France), was offered. This treasure was discovered in 1906 on the site of a Roman temple. Some workmen constructing a



THE PAINTER OF OUR CHRISTMAS PLATE, "DAY-DREAMS," AND THE MODEL FOR IT:

M. GABRIEL NICOLET AND MLE. MARTHE PARISEL.

Our readers will be interested to see at work the painter of the beautiful picture which is the original of the colour-plate, "Day-Dreams," presented with our Christmas Number. He is the well-known Parisian artist M. Gabriel Nicolet, whose fine work has frequently figured both in this paper and the "Sketch." His charming model for "Day-Dreams," Mlle. Marthe Parisel, also sat for "Eve" and "The Red Turban," which appeared as "Sketch" plates.—[Photograph by Vizzavona.]

insight into unpenetrated domains his portfolios gave the ordinary collector. His very solander-boxes (and Dr. Solander, who invented the drop-down fronts, was himself a collector), lettered "Liber Studiorum," "Rembrandt van Rhyn," etc., should have spelt to those who could read aright that collecting nowadays is a science and not an art.

At Christie's, on December 3, pictures and drawings came up. There were items from the collection of the late Mr. Charles Davis which betokened fine selection. "The Rutland Children," after J. Hoppner, by Norman Hirst, seven impressions, all artist's proofs, formed a useful precedent. Dance's portrait of Sir Robert Harland, Admiral of the Blue, and Reynolds's "Head of Lady Harland," both from the Dashwood heirlooms, were interesting items in regard to comparison. Two panels—"A Lady Buying Fruit" and "A Lady Buying Poultry" (9 in. by 11½ in.), by W. van Mieris, from the Thomas Hope Collection, and mentioned in Smith's "Catalogue Raisonné Supplement," naturally attracted attention and brought £346. As biographic portraits,

road through the forest came upon these old Gallo-Roman remains: necklaces, silver cooking-pans (an advance on our modern aluminium), and other vessels not unrelated to the "quaich" of Scottish usage, with lugs, or Scandinavian forms, and others—as, for instance, the brandy- or loving-cup of the Dutch, found in old examples in the Willet-Holthuysen Museum at Amsterdam. But ornament repeats itself. A silver hanging vessel for oil of the days of Julius Caesar is duplicated in the glass pan suspended by chains to give reflected electric light in the modern office.

Old Master drawings always evoke curiosity and claim interest by reason of the indeterminate idea, the first flash of genius, or the abandoned failure. A three-days' sale applied the acid test to such postulates, and was conducted by Messrs. Sotheby, commencing December 7. The memory of Lord Lansdowne's drawings rescued from oblivion, and their artistic and intrinsic value, overshadowed this collection, and it did not establish great records—but the fates, may be, are unpropitious at the present moment.



## AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: THE MODERN SIDE OF THE SPANISH PAINTINGS.

BY COURTESY OF THE SECRETARY OF THE EXHIBITION OF SPANISH PAINTINGS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY. PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. E. GRAY AND STUDIO LLADO.



A TYPICAL WORKING GIRL OF MADRID: "SOLEDAD" (SOLITUDE),  
BY JOSÉ BERMEJO SOBERA.



A WELL-KNOWN MODEL IN ORDINARY SPANISH DRESS: "PILARCITA,"  
BY JOSÉ MA. LOPEZ MEZQUITA.



A TYPICAL MIDDLE-CLASS GIRL OF MADRID, IN A MANTILLA:  
"APRIL," BY JOSÉ MA. RODRIGUEZ ACOSTA.



A TYPICAL SPANISH DANCER AS SEEN IN PARIS: "LA DANSEUSE NORE,"  
BY M. LEON ASTRUC.

In the world of fashion just now there is a vogue for everything Spanish—notably in the wearing of high combs in the hair, and other subtleties of feminine attire. The fact lends especial interest to much of the work of the modern school represented in the great Exhibition of Spanish Paintings, now on view in the galleries of the Royal Academy at Burlington House. It contains probably the finest assemblage of Spanish art, ancient and modern, that has ever been brought together. King Alfonso, King George, and many other owners, both in

Spain and in this country, have lent pictures and other works which, being in private collections, are seldom seen. The first picture above (top left) shows a Spanish working girl on the Toledo Bridge in Madrid. The figure in the adjoining illustration is that of a well-known artist's model. Below, on the left, is a portrait of a typical Spanish girl of the middle class in Madrid, and on the right a Spanish dancer, shown in the act of rising to dance. She is of the type seen on the Paris stage, though she herself has hitherto appeared in Spain.



# SPAIN IN SPANISH ART: A "MANCORNAR" BELT; AND PIOUS GAIETIES.

BY COURTESY OF THE SECRETARY OF THE EXHIBITION OF SPANISH PAINTINGS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY. PHOTOGRAPHS (ON THE LEFT) BY W. E. GRAY.



1. FESTAL DEVOTEES OF OUR LADY OF THE DEWS: "THE PILGRIMAGE TO THE ROCIO" (SEVILLE), BY MIGUEL HERNANDEZ NAJERA.



2. SHOWING THE BELT WORN WHEN CHARGED BY YOUNG BULLS IN THE GAME OF MANCORNAR: "LA CUNA" (THE CRADLE), BY CARLOS VAZQUEZ.



3. A RELIGIOUS STREET COLLECTOR CARRYING AN IMAGE FROM THE SHRINE NEEDING AID: "PIETY AND ALMS," BY JOSÉ MA. RODRIGUEZ ACOSTA.



4. GIRLS OF EASTERN SPAIN DRESSED IN THEIR BEST FINERY FOR DECORATING OPEN-AIR ALTARS: "MAY ALTAR," BY JUAN CARDONA.

These modern examples from the Exhibition of Spanish Paintings at Burlington House show: (1) The return of pilgrims in high spirits after a visit to the Shrine of Our Lady of the Dews near Seville. The pilgrims are seen passing in gaily-decked wagons to the sound of singing, castanets and guitars, through the famous Campo de la Feria, lit by coloured lights. (2) A young married couple in the costumes of the province of Salamanca. The woman's dress is of peasant embroidery. The man is wearing the old-world dress of black velvet and silver buttons, with a broad black leather belt used to diminish the force of

a charge from a young bull in the sport known as "Mancornar," which consists in receiving the charge of the young bull and turning him over by a twist of his horns. (3) A representative of some religious fraternity going his rounds to collect funds for his shrine, an image of which he carries. In the background are the village festivities on the local patron saint's day. (4) Probably a scene from the Eastern Provinces of Spain, where it is the custom to erect altars in the streets and fields to the Blessed Virgin on May 1. The decoration is done by young girls, who afterwards attend dressed in their best clothes.



## THE MOST-DISCUSSED OF THE SPANISH PICTURES: AN EL GRECO.

BY COURTESY OF THE SECRETARY OF THE EXHIBITION OF SPANISH PAINTINGS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



A STRANGE MIXTURE OF EARTH, HEAVEN, AND HELL: "THE GLORY OF PHILIP II.," A REMARKABLE ALLEGORICAL WORK BY THE GREAT SPANISH MASTER EL GRECO, NOW ON VIEW AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

No work in the Exhibition of Spanish Paintings at the Royal Academy has aroused so much discussion as this remarkable picture by El Greco, lent from the Escorial by the King of Spain. The Exhibition catalogue says: "We see in the upper part of the sky the monogram of Jesus, adored by angels. In the lower part, middle distance, to the left, is a group of penitents imploring pardon; to the right, from a vaulted edifice, are people crossing a bridge over a river, and a few are falling into the water. In the foreground to the right we see the open jaws of some horrid monster—this is Hell—inside are innumerable

reprobates. Before the mouth of Hell, kneeling sideways, we see Philip II.; at his left side there is an Emperor with ermine cloak; in front of them there is a Pontiff. . . . Father Santos called this picture 'La Gloria de Greco,' and attributed it to an inspiration from St. Paul: *In nomine Jesu omne genuflectatur Cælestium, Terrestrialium, et Infernorum.*" It is believed to have been painted for the Community of the Escorial after Philip's death. El Greco was born in Crete about 1548, went to Spain, and became famous as a painter at Toledo. He died in 1614.



## FROM RULING MONARCH TO RULING PEOPLE: BOLSHEVISTS IN THE IMPERIAL BOX AT THE THEATRE IN MOSCOW.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY MRS. CLARE SHERIDAN.



IN THE ROYAL BOX NOW: MEN IN CAPS, WOMEN EATING APPLES, AND AN "AROMA FROM THE GREAT UNWASHED." IN THE MOSCOW THEATRE.

Mrs. Clare Sheridan, the well-known sculptress, whose busts of Bolshevik leaders, made during her recent visit to Russia, were illustrated in our issue of November 27, has given in her diary an interesting description of an evening at the Theatre in Moscow. She was in the Foreign Office box, and saw the ballet "Cophelia." The great house was packed, and the audience was absorbed and enthusiastic. It consisted of working people who had received free tickets through certain unions: they were tired with their day's toil, and were enjoying their relaxation to the full. In the Imperial Box, which was reserved for Commissars

and their wives, the party presented a strong contrast to those which occupied it under the old régime. There was a man in a cloth cap, and the women were eating apples. One old woman wore a shawl over her head. Mrs. Sheridan records that her pleasure in the entertainment was "neutralised by the concentrated aroma which arose from the great unwashed." She was also much disgusted (then and on another occasion when she attended a meeting in the theatre) by the lack of chivalry on the part of the men, who occupied the best seats and left many women standing.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada]



# ROCK AND ICE BURY A FOREST: THE AVALANCHE ON MONT BLANC.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. BROCHEREL (AOSTA).



BEFORE THE AVALANCHE IN THE VENI VALLEY: THE FOREST OF PURTUD (DESTROYED), AND THE HOTEL WHICH ESCAPED—THE BRENVIA GLACIER IN THE BACKGROUND.



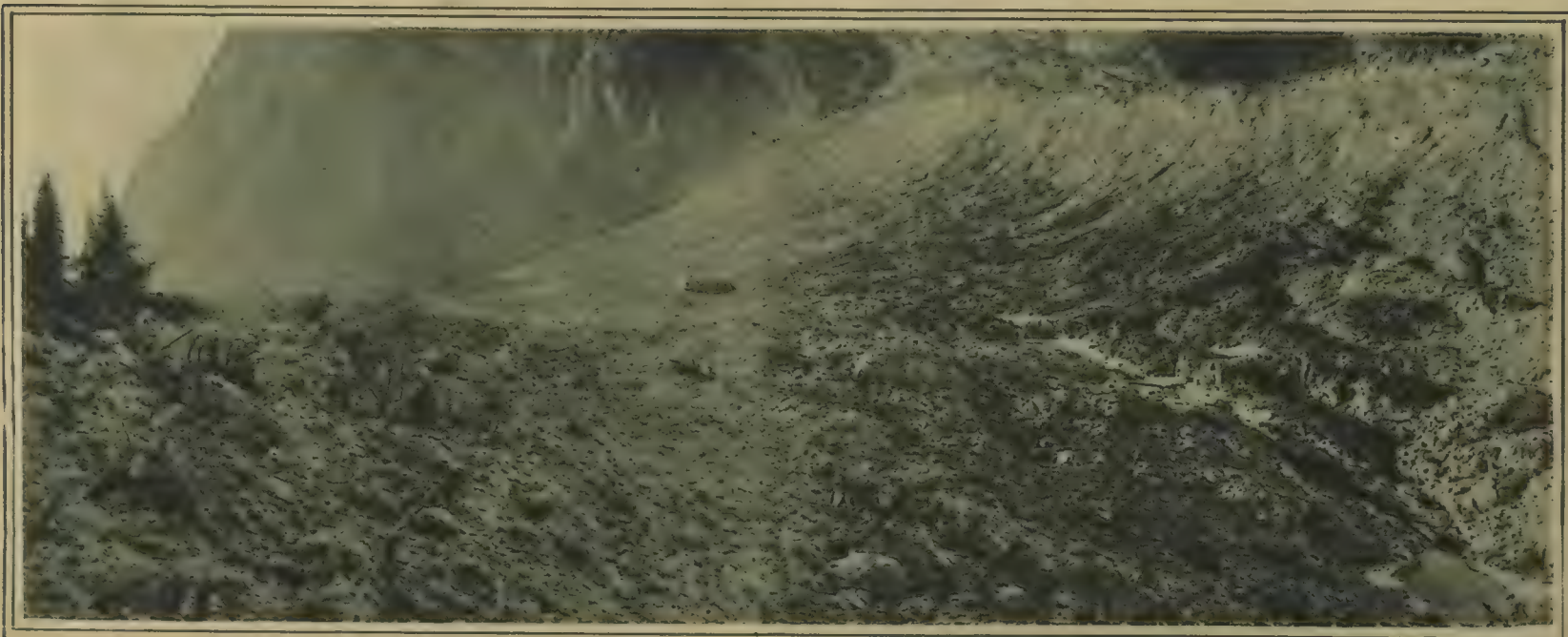
THE MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF THE HOTEL DE PURTUD: AN AVALANCHE AT ITS DOORS, WITH A LAKE FORMING.



SHOWING WHERE A HUGE ROCK FELL ON THE GLACIER, AND THE PATH OF THE AVALANCHE: MONT BLANC.



AFTER THE AVALANCHE HAD DESCENDED: A MOUNTAIN OF ROCKS AND ICE (ON THE RIGHT) FALLEN ON THE FOREST—LEAVING THE HOTEL INTACT.



THREATENING TO CAUSE GREAT FLOODS IN THE VALLEY OF AOSTA WHEN THE SPRING THAW COMES: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE HUGE AVALANCHE OF ICE AND ROCKS WHICH RECENTLY ROLLED DOWN THE BRENVIA GLACIER ON MONT BLANC, AND BURIED THE FOREST OF PURTUD, NEAR COURMAYEUR.

A tremendous natural cataclysm happened recently on Mont Blanc. A mass of rock near the summit, big enough in itself to form a considerable mountain (it was estimated to be about 2500 ft. high), broke away and fell on the Brenvia Glacier, thereby causing a colossal ice avalanche. The left-hand photograph of the middle pair shows where the fall of rock occurred, and the arrows indicate the direction taken by the avalanche in its descent. The huge mass of broken ice and rocks came thundering down the glacier, and completely overwhelmed

the ancient forest of Purtud in the Veni Valley. Its impetus ceased almost at the doors of the Hôtel de Purtud, which had a miraculous escape. No lives appear to have been lost, but a new danger soon arose, for the course of the River Dora was blocked and a lake began to form around the buildings. Volunteer help came from Courmayeur, and for 36 hours men toiled to dig a fresh channel. It is said that, when the enormous agglomeration of ice melts next spring, there will be disastrous floods in the Valley of Aosta, unless precautions are taken.



# "STANDING WHERE THEY STOOD": THE TRENCH OF BAYONETS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TRAMPUS.



THE TRENCH OF BAYONETS MONUMENT WHICH PRESIDENT MILLERAND ARRANGED TO INAUGURATE ON DECEMBER 8.  
A GENERAL VIEW SHOWING THE ENTRANCE AND APPROACH.



WITH BAYONETS OF DEAD SOLDIERS BELOW STILL EMERGING ABOVE GROUND: A MONUMENT ABOVE THE BATTLEFIELD GRAVE OF FRENCH TROOPS WHO WERE ENGULFED IN MUD WHERE THEY STOOD.

President Millerand arranged to inaugurate on December 8 the monument built above the now historic "Trench of Bayonets," illustrated previously in our issue of July 31 last. A famous war elegy says: "Leave him lying where he fell," but the brave men beneath this shrine died where they stood, fronting the foe, and have been left standing under the soil which buried them, their rifles and bayonets still protruding from the ground. The tragedy occurred on June 12, 1916, during the battle of Thiaumont, near Verdun. A section of the 137th (Breton) Regiment were waiting in their trench, ready to attack towards Douaumont. The ground was very soft, and moving like a sea. Suddenly a heavy shell

explosion caused the trench banks to roll together, engulfing some fifty to a hundred men, there as they stood, with fixed bayonets pointing upward. It was impossible to save them, and there the bodies have remained. A rich American banker, Mr. George T. Rand (since, unhappily, killed in an aeroplane accident) gave 500,000 francs to build a monument on this hallowed spot to preserve it for all time. The memorial is the work of an eminent French architect, M. André Ventre. Over the trench, and supported on pillars, is a plain concrete slab, which, by keeping off sun and rain, prevents vegetation. At the entrance is a massive pylon with a large cross and a list of some thirty names identified.



# CAPPED MAIDENS; AND A GIRL BANDIT: ST. CATHERINE'S DAY IN PARIS.

DRAWN BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN PARIS.



The girl bandit in the Avenue de Neuilly

A queue outside the Municipal Market owing to the fall in prices.

Mannequins and Midinettes dancing a cotillon in the Place de l'Opera

Bryan de Grineau Paris

The patriotic sales day at the great shops.

## WHEN UNMARRIED FRENCH GIRLS OVER TWENTY-FIVE ARE DECKED WITH GAY CAPS: ST. CATHERINE'S DAY.

In a note to his drawings, our Artist writes: "Always a great occasion with the fair sex, the feast of St. Catherine (November 25) was of even more interest to them than usual this year. There was all the fun of the *Coiffe de Ste. Catherine*, when all the young ladies of France who have reached twenty-five years and are unmarried are presented with a lace cap. Workgirls of Paris parade the streets, and all the big magasins give feasts. The centre picture shows all traffic at a standstill in the Place de l'Opera while a St. Catherine carnival party of pretty

mannequins and workgirls danced the cotillon. In addition to this, it was a veritable ladies' day in Paris. The morning started by a fight between the police and some bandits in a taxicab, on the Avenue de Neuilly. The criminals included a girl who engaged the law with a revolver duel until seriously wounded. The price of many foodstuffs fell considerably. Crowds attended sales at the big shops for the day only, and all proceeds went to swell the Six-per-Cent. Loan."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]





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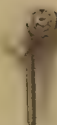
Diamond Hoop  
Ring.  
£42 0 0



Diamond and Platinum  
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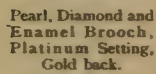
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Scarf Pin with Gold  
back.  
£2 0 0



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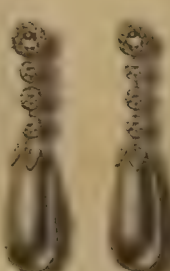
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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A NEW INDUSTRY.

THE United States Department of Agriculture not only takes a lively interest in the preservation of native birds and beasts, but it also takes a very active part in promoting schemes which will ensure the increase of all kinds of animals, furred and feathered, which will at one and the same time increase the food supply and afford quarry for sportsmen. The Department does more than this. It is constantly endeavouring to foster attempts to "farm" wild animals. Its latest suggestion is that, by way of stabilising the depressed fur market, attempts should be made to establish skunk-farms. Having regard to the huge prices which skunk-fur now fetches, this should indeed be a paying venture. The attempt, however, has been made in Canada, and it was found that to achieve success three things were necessary—a knowledge of the habits of the animal, capital, and a considerable acreage. But there is a handsome investment in this scheme for him who will plunge courageously.

Our own Ministry of Agriculture is less alive to matters of this kind. Otherwise it would have suggested, ere this, the establishment of feather-farms to meet the demands of the plume trade. Just now there are hundreds of officers and men, "broke in our wars," appealing for a means of livelihood. A few, at any rate, of these might find profitable employment in such farming. Egret-farming, in Great Britain, would be hardly likely to succeed. But such farms would, without doubt, be made to yield handsome returns in India, Egypt, or South Africa.

In England, I am convinced, pheasant-farming would pay. By this I mean the breeding, for the sake of their plumage, of birds like the golden, Reeve's, Amherst, silver, and crossoptilon pheasants. These birds could be reared as easily as are the pheasants reared by the thousand for sporting purposes. At

the present time there would be no great difficulty in obtaining stock, save in the case of the crossoptilon pheasant, which is bred in numbers in France and Belgium. But the breeders find this so profitable that they contrive to keep the industry in their own hands by ensuring that all cock birds which leave their aviaries are rendered infertile. These birds are bred, not for the plume trade, but for the furnishing of aviaries and zoological gardens. If such farms were started in this country, the Ministry of

trade and the aviculturist and zoological gardens. Surplus hens could be used for food. Besides, an appreciable source of income could be derived by "gate-money" charged to the public for the privilege of enjoying the delightful display such a collection of gorgeously-coloured birds would afford. Peacocks, and ornamental waterfowl, such as the mandarin and Carolina ducks, could also be farmed with profit, both for sale alive to those who love birds of joyous hues about the garden, and for their plumage. Similarly, among small birds, the grass-parrakeet and many of the vividly-coloured weaver birds are worth attention.

But besides, or in addition, to birds bred for the sake of their plumage, a comfortable income could be derived from the farming of turkeys and runner ducks. Every year tons—I am told "hundreds of tons"—of turkeys come to us from Normandy. Why could not these be reared at home? In America they are bred in huge numbers on special farms. Somehow an impression prevails that these birds are difficult to rear. This is not true, if the requirements of the birds are carefully studied. The prolificness of the runner-duck is well known. In America, again, they are bred in enormous numbers. One farmer who is specially successful sends somewhere about 30,000 birds to market every year. Farms with an output of 15,000 per annum are numerous.

There is nothing unreasonable about this suggestion for the establishment of feather-farms and the breeding of birds to furnish the demand for ornamental livestock. Its inherent practicability has already been demonstrated in the form of "game farms." It is therefore to be hoped that the Ministry of Agriculture will see its way to take this scheme into

serious consideration; for not only will it afford a means of livelihood to a number of the most deserving of our countrymen—ex-soldiers seeking a means of livelihood—but it will establish a new industry, which is always worth doing.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



MEDIATORS IN THE IRISH FEUD: MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH LABOUR COMMISSION IN DUBLIN.

The Labour Commission appointed to inquire into alleged reprisals in Ireland reached Dublin on November 30. Their prime object was to establish peace. On December 2 they visited Balbriggan, and in Dublin Mr. Henderson and Mr. Adamson interviewed Mr. Arthur Griffith, M.P., the arrested Sinn Fein leader, at Mountjoy Prison, and Archbishop Walsh, who said that any peace effort would be supported by the Roman Catholic Hierarchy. In the photograph (taken during their first sitting at the Shelbourne Hotel) are, seated from left to right (beginning with the second from left): Messrs. J. Bromley, A. G. Cameron, Arthur Henderson, M.P., and Wm. Adamson, M.P.

Photograph by C.N.

Agriculture could make it its business to provide fertile birds. The tail-feathers of this bird, by the way, would make an excellent substitute for egret-plumes, or a useful variant thereon.

Such pheasant-farmers could be sure of a double market: for they could supply both the plume-

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One of the exquisite SONORA GRAMOPHONE Models forms an incomparable Christmas Gift to Wife or Daughter, Mother or Friend. The pride with which the recipient will display the superb appearance and beautiful tone qualities of her SONORA will give you a true idea of her appreciation of your gift. There are 12 different table and floor models and 19 different Period Designs.

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The artistic upright bulge models and special Period designs, in which are found the All Wooden tone passage, motor meter and other special advantages, will satisfy the most discriminating and exacting purchasers.

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The Record Filing System embodied in many of the models is the most convenient system that has been devised for storing records.

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LONDON



## LADIES' NEWS.

THE King and Queen of Denmark have apparently enjoyed their visit over here very much. They are a fine-looking pair. I saw them going to lunch with Queen Alexandra on her birthday, as I was on my way to the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, to see Lady Norah Spencer-Churchill married. The King is very tall, and the Queen a handsome and happy-looking woman. I remember her mother, the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Russia, playing tennis at Cannes with well-known amateur champions, and making a very excellent show, too. That Princess Margaret came over with her father, Prince Waldemar, at the same time, set the match-makers' tongues wagging. Two ladies, arguing in a public conveyance, became very heated as to whether the Prince of Wales or the Duke of York was to be the future bridegroom of this attractive young Princess. Her being a Roman Catholic seemed the only stumbling block to these ladies' prospective arrangements. As a matter of fact, her Royal Highness is of that faith by the matrimonial settlements of her parents. Her father and brothers are Lutherans; her mother, a brilliant and charming Bourbon Princess, was a Roman Catholic. I am told that her personal inclinations are towards the Lutheran faith. She is a great favourite with Queen Alexandra, and has been a good deal in England.

The Danish colours and our Christmas colours, red and white, being similar, the shops seem to be Danishly dressed. I was fascinated by one in the Royal Arcade, where are all manner of frosted scenes mingled with scarlet. One, "A Mill in Flanders," was, I found on enquiry, made by a disabled soldier, with cause to remember the distinctive things of that country. Another, a Sedan chair, and yet another, a little bridge scene, are also made by disabled soldiers.

It was nice to see the Royal Horse Guards in "full fig," to put it colloquially, at the marriage of their D.S.O. Major and well-known polo player, Major H. C. S. Combe, to Lady Moira Scott. There were fifty of them, and they made a fine show. Lady Moira looked lovely in her white and silver bridal attire, and when the newly married pair came down the church, "What a splendid young British couple!" was the thought that rushed to the mind. Both are Anglo-Irish, always a fine combination. Major Combe's mother is an aunt of the Marquess Conyngham, while Lady Clonmell is English: she was Miss Rachel Estelle Berridge, of Toft Hill, Rugby. The reception was held in the charming house of Mrs. F. Craven, the bride's aunt, in Kensington Palace Gardens.

How all the people who were at Lady Norah Spencer-Churchill's wedding got themselves packed into the lovely little Chapel Royal, St. James's, I do not know. I saw the Duchess of Wellington, a late arrival, sitting outside in the entrance corridor,



A "COAL SHORTAGE" COWN AND MUFF.

Even the chilliest room would become bearable if one had a dress like this from Madeleine and Madeleine. For not only is it heavily trimmed with fawn-coloured fleece, but it has a muff to match. The lace on the gown is hand-made of the same colour.

Photograph by Tickle and Lea.

possibly feeling that her lot was not so bad, as there was better air than inside. Lady Norah looked about twenty-five, and her bridal attire was very pretty and becoming. The Marquess of Blandford towered over his father. Lord Ivor Churchill is more the Duke of Marlborough's height, and is like him too, but has dark eyes like his mother. Mr. Bradley Birt is clever-looking, and seemed very happy over his marriage. His place in Worcestershire, Birtsmoreton, has been in his family for several centuries. He is not a rich man, and was in the Indian Civil Service. He has written some books about India, and has recently published a volume of Indian Fairy Stories, illustrated by an Indian artist. His Highness the Rajah of Jhalawar was at the wedding, wearing a turban of the loveliest shade of pale blue I have ever seen. Save for that, his dress was immaculately and correctly European. The bride wanted to be married quietly at an early morning hour, but had not the heart to insist, in view of her mother's and her fiancé's wish to do her honour. Lord and Lady Kerry's boy and girl looked ducks in their white and St. Patrick's-blue attire. Quite touching was the presentation of the bridal bouquet of white heather and carnations by the wife of a tenant of the bridegroom.

Of the giving of dances there is no end. It is apparently the surest way to conjure money out of pockets for real good causes to promote a pleasant liveliness to the toes of the pocket owners. A very enjoyable dance will be one to take place on Monday evening next, the 13th, at the Hyde Park Hotel, for the St. George's, Southwark, Infant Welfare Centre, which has been doing splendid work in a congested and poor district for many months. The Duchess of Marlborough, although absent, is keenly interested. Among the patronesses are Lady Aire-dale, Lady Southwark, Lady Terrington, Lady Maria Ponsonby, Lady Colman, of Gatton Park, and Lady Roxburghe. The Malcolm Ives Orchestra will play. Tickets are £1 10s., or four for £5 5s., and can be had from the patronesses, or from Miss E. Foster, 37B, Duke Street, Manchester Square.

The Duke of York will open the Christmas Fair at the Royal Albert Hall on Wednesday next, the 15th inst., at 11.30 a.m. At 3 p.m. Princess Mary will be present to receive purses from members of The Young Helpers' League for the cause, that of Dr. Barnardo's Homes; and on the second day Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, the Bazaar's popular and efficient President, will open it. The Countess of Huntingdon, Lady Katharine Hamilton, and Lady Marion Cameron are organising a Thé Dansant. It will be a really big Bazaar, and no exorbitant prices at all will be charged.—A. E. L.

## WARING & GILLOW'S Practical Suggestions for Christmas Presents.



Antique colour reproduction Armchair, with loose cushion on seat.  
£4 : 19 : 6 each and £3 : 3 : 0 each.



"Roberts" Easy Chair, suitable for drawing room, upholstered all hair, with loose down cushion in seat covered in cretonne.  
£8 : 10 : 0



Nickel plated Spirit Iron, British manufacture, approximate weight:—  
2 lbs. ... 26s. 0d.  
3 lbs. ... 29s. 0d.



Oval Bolster Cushion, 21 ins. long, 12 ins. wide, filled down, finished braid and tassels in shot silk, mervs and black. £2 : 19 : 6 each.

SATIN DOWN QUILTS.  
LAMPSHADES.  
GRAMOPHONES.  
RECORD CABINETS.  
DESSERT SERVICES.  
SETS OF HAIR BRUSHES IN SILVER.  
SILVER FLOWER AND FRUIT STANDS.  
MOTOR RUGS.  
MUSIC CABINETS, MUSIC SEATS.  
HANDKERCHIEFS.  
AFTERNOON TEA TABLES.  
SCREENS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

These items are set out in order to indicate the great variety of our gifts; to appreciate their worth you must come and see the articles.

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Furnishers & Decorators  
to H. M. the King  
LTD

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SILVER HANDLE TEA KNIVES.  
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# ROLLS-ROYCE

The following letter has been received by one of the Directors of ROLLS-ROYCE, Ltd., from The Rt. Hon. Earl Buxton, G.C.M.G., late High Commissioner and Governor-General of South Africa.

5, Buckingham Gate,  
S.W.

Sept. 28th, 1920.

Dear \_\_\_\_\_

You may like to know how the ROLLS-ROYCE (Colonial type) that your Company built for me in 1914 has behaved.

I took the car out to South Africa in August, 1914, and it has been continuously and freely in use for six years on roads good, indifferent and bad—the two latter greatly predominating.

It has not once been necessary to have the car overhauled or sent to hospital.

I dare say it will be all the better for an overhauling and cleaning now; but it goes just as well as ever and has been a great success.

Yours sincerely,  
BUXTON.



ROLLS-ROYCE, Ltd., 15, Conduit Street, London, W.1.

Telegrams: Rolhead, Reg. London.

Phone Gerrard 1654 (3 lines)

The following firms who purchase direct from us, have sole selling rights of our cars in their respective districts.—Leicestershire, Derbyshire, Notts, Lincs, Staffs, Worcestershire, Warwickshire, Northants and Rutlandshire: The Midland Counties Motor Garage Co., Ltd., Granby Street, Leicester. Manchester and District, including East Lancs (as far north as a line drawn on the map due east from Cockerham) and East Cheshire: Joseph Cocksfoot & Co., Ltd., New Bridge Street, Manchester. Liverpool and District, including West Lancs (as far north as Cockerham), West Cheshire and North Wales: W. Watson & Co., 56, Renshaw Street, Liverpool. Norfolk and Suffolk: Mann, Egerton & Co., Ltd., 5, Prince of Wales' Road, Norwich. Ireland: J. B. Ferguson, Ltd., Chichester Street, Belfast. Scotland: The Clyde Automobile Co., Ltd., 96, Renshaw Street, Glasgow.

The following firm is appointed as retailer of Rolls-Royce cars:

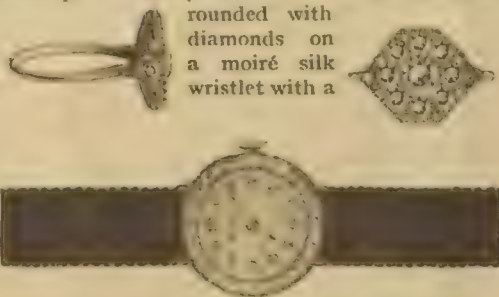
Messrs. Barker & Co. (Coach-builders), Ltd., 66-68, South Audley Street, London, W.



## Christmas in the Shops.

THE biscuits of Huntley and Palmer are famous the world over for excellence, the best and purest ingredients being used; fresh butter, new laid eggs, finest flour, and so on. These beautiful biscuits are packed in distinctive tins, which are designed to give pleasure now and be useful and ornamental ever after. There is the "biscuit barrel," handsomely embossed, filled with rich mixed biscuits; "The Chinese Jar," a unique imitation of an eggshell-china jar, and very attractive, also filled with rich mixed; an "Indian tin," like a shaped block of maple wood, the lid having a handsome design in colour; "Ivory," which looks like a section of a tusk; and "Tapestry," a box like tapestry, with a fine reproduction of Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Master Lambton." Nice Christmas presents, these.

The celebrated firm of Mappin and Webb have made a special feature of their jewellery departments. Whether at 158, Oxford Street, 2, Queen Victoria Street, or 172, Regent Street, exclusive and beautiful designs in jewellery can be seen. A ring in platinum, the top a cluster of brilliant cut diamonds, has round the side emeralds, or it may be rubies or sapphires, cut specially in panels. This is quite a novel idea, and a marvel of workmanship. An all-platinum watch, the dial surrounded with diamonds on a moiré silk wristlet with a



BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS IN JEWELLERY  
(Mappin and Webb.)

platinum snap, for £75, is made by the firm in their own workshops and is a splendid present. There are, of course, many gifts of less costly jewellery, but whatever is Mappin and Webb's is of the finest workmanship and represents first-rate value.

The Christmas melodies of good cheer, friendliness, a snatch of the supernatural, and a chorus of hearty laughter may be old tunes, but we all like to hear them, especially when, as in this year's number of "Pears' Christmas Annual," they are played with a new and fascinating rhythm. The number is full of life and colour, and it is hard to say which is the most attractive of the many coloured pages. Barribal is represented by a beautiful double-page, "Before the Carnival Begins"; there are four pages in colour of the Seasons by Charles Robinson; excellent comics by Bateman and Alfred Leete; good short stories; and two fine presentation plates.

## Pears' Annual



Christmas 1920  
2/-

"THE LADY WITH THE FAN," BY ABEL FAIVRE: THE ARTISTIC COLOURED COVER OF "PEARS' ANNUAL," 1920.

In these days, a length of tweed is a gift of real value to man or woman. It is, therefore, good to know that the White House, Portrush, County Antrim, Ireland, is now holding a special sale of genuine Irish tweeds. They are all wool, and in many charming mixtures, checks, and stripes. A postcard will bring patterns to anyone desiring to see and test them. There is one offered at 13s. 6d. a yard, 56 in. wide, the present value of which is undoubtedly 17s. 9d., and which will make very smart coats and skirts. No other fabric wears like these pure wool Irish tweeds, and they always look well. There is a Hamilton's Irish cheviot suiting at 20s. a yard, 56 in. wide, well worth 25s. Hamilton's White House has an enviably wide and fine reputation for the value that it gives its clients.

For a man, a woman, a boy, or a girl there is no Christmas present the gratitude for which will be so lasting as for a Dexter rain-coat. They are so smart, so well cut, and of such stylish materials that they look always just right, and are always protective. Being porous, the wearer suffers none of the dangers and discomforts of lack of ventilation. The process of water-proofing is so thorough that dangers and discomforts of damp are equally eliminated. In the streets, at covert side, motor-ing, taking a walk, fishing—the Dexter is the ideal garment to wear; it looks smart, and it is good.

A useful gift resulting in ornament is a few boxes of Hinde's world-renowned hair-wavers. They are in five different patterns, and all stores and hairdressers have them. Imitation being the most irritating form of flattery, it is necessary to see that the name Hinde's is on the purchase.

Good chocolates are an integral part of Christmas good cheer, probably the part to which young people look forward with the most eager anticipation. Rowntree's, of York, our celebrated British chocolate-makers, are ready with specially delicious chocolates. The "Riviera" assortment of row upon row of these confections filled with coffee cream, nougat, almonds, and other things that we love with chocolate, will appeal irresistibly as Christmas gifts.

It is but one of many boxes emanating from Messrs. Rowntree's great works. There are also the bon-bons by the pound for little silver dishes on the dinner-table. "Elect"

chocolate is another keenly appreciated speciality, being a plain, wholesome, eating chocolate.



AN EVER-WELCOME CHRISTMAS GIFT:  
ROWNTREE'S "RIVIERA" CHOCOLATE  
BON-BONS.

[Continued overleaf.]

## Winter Dress at BURBERRYS

attains the standard of Perfection in Models and Materials.

SECURITY at all points against rain, wind and cold is the outstanding characteristic of Burberry Weatherproof Dress.

Designs of Burberry Models are distinguished by their symmetry and grace, evading the bulk and weight which usually detract from the appearance of Dress intended to resist severe weather.

Textures of Burberry Materials are of the finest quality, weatherproof fabrics being proofed by special processes which exclude cold and damp, yet permit perfect natural ventilation.

Burberry's Fur Catalogue,  
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Winter Catalogue,  
Sent post free on request.



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bears a  
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### HALF-PRICE BURBERRY SALE.

During December.

Affords an exceptional opportunity for the selection of appropriate and useful XMAS GIFTS.

Write for Men's and Women's Half-price Sale List.

BURBERRYS Haymarket LONDON S.W. 1  
8 & 10 Boulevard Malesherbes PARIS; also Provincial Agents

Burberry's Limited.

Burberry Model A1512.  
Ulster in Nutria Fur with Beaver collar. Plain fitting, with all-round belt and large pockets fastened by ornamental buttons.

## The Day's Work

is tackled readily and with zest by those who fortify themselves with a cup of Van Houten's Cocoa for Breakfast.

## Van Houten's

is a real food—nourishing, invigorating and easy to digest, with a delicious, distinctive flavour.

Best & Goes Farthest.



# COMMUNITY PLATE



*The beauty of it—  
and never the need to replace it*

COMMUNITY PLATE is guaranteed for a lifetime's service—and you will never *wish* to replace it, for its Period Designs are of the lasting charm that belongs to the Classic. In the Adam design below, for instance, one has an interpretation of the great British master worthy the most cherished table—eloquent as a Christmas gift.

*Guaranteed for Fifty Years*

IN addition to the Adam, "Community" dealers can show you three other popular designs—Hepplewhite, Sheraton, and Patrician. In them you will find welcome scope for Christmas Gifts—formal or intimate—large or small—a cabinet or canteen; or Tea Spoons, as shown, 34/6 per dozen; Fruit Spoons, 10/6 each; Three piece Child's Set, 17/6; Coffee Spoons, 33/- per dozen; Tea Knives, 45/- per half dozen; Dessert Eaters, 95/- per half-dozen pairs.

In point of quality COMMUNITY PLATE is unexcelled. It is heavily plated over all. In addition, it is scientifically reinforced where most subject to wear with a visible disc of pure silver—thus it is practically wear-proof. In family use it

lasts a lifetime. Period designs, in canteens containing everything for six or twelve people, from £15 15s. Or separate tablespoons, 75/- per dozen. On exhibition at leading silversmiths. Illustrated booklet and list of dealers upon request.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD  
Established 1848. Incorporated 1881 in Oneida, New York  
Diamond House, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1

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*Christmas in the Shops—Continued.*

It is easy to choose a Christmas present for a smoker. One very acceptable to either sex would be a box of Rothman's Pall Mall Virginia Cigarettes. Of a "happy medium" size, their fine quality has long been guaranteed by the offer to refund the purchase money on receipt by the manufacturers (Messrs. C. Rothman and Co., 5 and 5A, Pall Mall, London, S.W.) of the broken box in the event of any cause for dissatisfaction. They are made from pure Virginia tobacco of mellowed age, skilfully blended. Whether for smoke-room or boudoir, drawing-room or golf-course, Pall Mall Virginia Cigarettes are greatly appreciated among the discriminating. They are sold in grey boxes at 1s. 6d., 3s. 8d., or 7s. 3d.

"Eversharp" sounds just right; it would be so nice to have brains like that. Almost as nice, and happily attainable, is a pencil which is ever sharp and ready for work. No Christmas present could be more useful, as it is a real friend to its owner. It has mechanism which keeps the point just right, it has in it twelve extra leads and a covered eraser at the top, also a built-in clip to keep it safe in the pocket. Never was there such a pencil! Prices suit all pockets, from 7s. in silver, and through forty-four different styles and sizes to £25. The Wahl Eversharp Company has its headquarters at 150, Southampton Row, W.C.1, but the pencils are to be found at all stationers' and jewellers'.

Christmas and chocolates go together amicably, and as gifts, few are so welcome as "chocs," as we now affectionately term them. The name of Barker and Dobson on a box is assurance of the fine quality of the contents. The firm dates from 1834, and its walnut and Everton toffee—the works are in Everton, Liverpool, the original home of this favourite British sweetmeat—are keenly appreciated all over the world. Dainty gift boxes for the season are 2, 1, or ½-lb. boxes of assorted chocolates, or of chocolates containing liquid fruits, which are quite delicious, or of praline shells. All boxes and packets bear the firm's name.

## THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

THERE is much of historical and curious interest in the tiny independent, or semi-independent, States which have survived in the midst of the expansion of the European nations. These places, like San Marino, the oldest republic in the world, Andorra, Moresnet, La Tavolara and Liechtenstein, are all but unknown to the man in the street; but some of them are familiar enough to the philatelist. Monaco and the Vatican, which enjoy similar measures of independence,

Part of the country (Schellenberg) has been in the possession of the house of Liechtenstein since 1699, and Vaduz since 1712. For some time the Principality formed part of the Rhine Confederation, and later of the German Confederation, but since 1866 it has not been attached to any such union. The country first came into philatelic prominence by issuing postage stamps in January, 1912, large stamps of Austrian make, portraying the reigning Prince, John II., and inscribed "Imperial and Royal Austrian Posts in the Principality of Liechtenstein." Since then, and up to the present year, only a dozen different stamps had been issued there; but now that the country has no further use for Austrian rule, it has issued a long and novel series of stamps, comprising twenty-seven values in all, inscribed "Fuerstentum Liechtenstein" (Principality of Liechtenstein). Fifteen of these are for ordinary postal use in franking letters; these show the arms of the Principality or views of different parts of it, and, in the higher values, portraits of the past and present ruling Princes. The other twelve stamps are for collecting postage due; these are all in the smaller type, with the numerals of denomination as the chief feature of the design.

Since the war, Liechtenstein has turned affectionate eyes to its Swiss neighbours, and, indeed, has discarded the shrinking Austrian currency, and has now adopted the Swiss franc. So these stamps, although newly issued, may soon be replaced by others, or surcharged, with the denominations in centimes and francs instead of heller and krone.

In writing of the many and beautiful gifts at Harrods' world-famed house in Knightsbridge, it should have been specially said that in the silver and cutlery department, where a feature has been made of moderate-priced presents, there is a splendid choice in French fire-proof china on plated stands, breakfast and lunch dishes, chafing dishes with lamps, and many other useful gifts at quite easy prices. The 25s. British-made enamel and silver-topped salts-bottle depicted should not have been described as a scent-bottle. The salts are tinted to match the enamel, and the gift is at once a dainty and handsome one.



A TINY INDEPENDENT STATE NO LONGER UNDER AUSTRIAN INFLUENCE: SOME OF A NEW SERIES OF STAMPS, WITH LOCAL VIEWS, ISSUED BY THE PRINCIPALITY OF LIECHTENSTEIN.—[Stamps supplied by Mr. Fred J. Melville, 110, Strand, W.C.2.]

are, of course, well known for other reasons. The small States often issue the most interesting stamps.

A new issue of stamps has just been put into use in Liechtenstein, a tiny principality wedged in between the Swiss Cantons of St. Gallen and Graubünden and the Austrian province of Vorarlberg. The Principality is larger than San Marino, being in all about 65 square miles, and comprising the lordships of Schellenberg and Vaduz, once fiefs of the Roman Empire. The population is under 11,000, and the capital, Vaduz, houses about 2000.

## December 25<sup>TH</sup> marks the beginning of Shaving Comfort for millions of men

CHRISTMAS is a great season for giving Gillettes. Last year men in all parts of the world noted with appreciation the Gillette amongst their Christmas gifts. These men have all become keen Gillette users. Using it day after day—shaving in comfort without waste of time or effort with ever a grateful thought for the giver of so practical a gift.

*The Gillette will be more popular than ever this year.*

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Put them beside any real pearls, or any other artificial pearls, and if they are not equal to the real or superior to the other artificial pearls, no matter what their price may be, we will refund your money if you return them to us within seven days.

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Distillers of Perfumes and Fine Soap Makers,  
Newgate Street, LONDON.



WARWICK GORLE



## OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Paris, Nov. 28, 1920.

THE fact that the Académie Française recently awarded nearly £100,000 in prize money for the recognition and encouragement of large families, indicates that the State is taking a serious view of

said to have been the sole cause of the present great shortage of the children's mainstay. The fact that the authorities failed to put any restrictions on the sale of veal in the months immediately following the Armistice, when thousands of calves were slaughtered every week to supply Parisians with their favourite meat, undoubtedly had something to do with the present state of affairs. The result of this want of foresight is now being felt acutely, and the shortage is such that a form of rationing has been introduced by the dairies in Paris, giving preference to those who have young children.

Besides the prizes offered for large families, the State now gives a substantial rebate on taxation, amounting to something like 5000 francs a *ménage*, and 3000 francs for each child—a very practical way of assisting a young couple to bring up a family.

The French have always been loud in their praise of English nursery methods, and I remember, many years ago, my French friends asking me to get them English nurses to take

charge of their children. In those days, the Champs Elysées was the daily parade-ground of portly French peasant women, wearing the picturesque ribbon and lace head-dress and flowing cloak of the traditional nurse's garb, proudly carrying the budding aristocracy of France in their stalwart arms. Now these picturesque figures have almost entirely vanished from the scene, and have given place to trim English nurses, whose hygienic, "open-air" methods are largely responsible for the healthy appearance of their charges.

The *bourgeoisie* still persist in the old methods of late hours and unsuitable food for their children, but, once they can be made to realise the advantages of sleep and fresh air, we shall hear less of infant mortality, and France will rejoice in a new generation of healthier children.

An interesting experiment has been made in Paris during the last week, to bring together, for their common good, all the branches of the printing trade, from the authors to the paper-merchants, in an attempt to make them realise their mutual interdependence. The idea is a good one, and has received every encouragement from the Press and the general public. The initial week has been devoted to a series of conferences between the different branches, as a preliminary to settling down to the business of seeing how best they can assist each other in making the trade more remunerative to those engaged in it.

The high cost of paper in France has been responsible, so we are told, for the printing of certain French works in Germany, and it is this fact which has stimulated the promoters of the present movement. Paper has now reached such a prohibitive price, and supplies are so limited, that a well-known author told me not long ago that he had two books which had been waiting for nearly a year to come out, and that he was seriously thinking of publishing them in America.



AFTER AN EXPLOSION THAT TORE OFF MOST OF THE ROOFS IN A TOWN: SPENT SHELLS AT VERGIATE, NEAR MILAN.

A terrible explosion occurred on November 26 in a factory at Vergiate, near Milan, used during the war for making heavy trench-mortar shells. A great quantity of big shells had since been stored there. Happily few men were at work at the time, but six were killed and twenty injured. The whole town suffered, and most of the roofs were torn off. The shock was felt over a sixty-mile radius.—[Photograph by Topical.]

the dearth of population in France at the present moment. Two years have passed since the enemy's artillery ceased to take toll of the manhood of this country. During those two years, while the birth-rate has been quite satisfactory, unfortunately the official returns show that 50 per cent. of the children born within this period have died in infancy, and this unsatisfactory state of affairs has been causing the greatest concern to the health authorities.

It is extremely difficult to account for this excessive infant mortality: some people attribute it entirely to the shortage of milk, owing to the carrying off by the Germans of an enormous number of milking cows, which, despite the special clause in the Treaty of Versailles, have not been returned up to date. Nobody, one imagines, would for a moment deny the justice of the French claim to have these valuable cattle restored to them, but their removal cannot be



A CANADIAN CENOTAPH: THE GREAT CROWD ROUND THE WAR MEMORIAL IN FRONT OF THE CITY HALL AT TORONTO.

Photograph by British and Colonial Press; supplied by Topical.

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SEND FOR TRIAL BOTTLE. 8D.

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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

### "THE NEW MORALITY." AT THE COMEDY.

WHAT a loss our stage sustained in the death of Harold Chapin was demonstrated afresh last Monday afternoon when the Play Actors produced his posthumous work, "The New Morality," at the Comedy Theatre; for this proved to be the most delicious of light comedies—a play that ought to be at once snapped up by a manager and given a run, with its company, if possible, unchanged. The story, the dialogue, the acting of the happy trifle are all in keeping with each other. The play is concerned with an irritable young wife who, objecting to her husband's attentions on the river to a married lady occupying the next houseboat, tells her what she thinks of her in uncompromising language. For the libel thus delivered, its victim's meek husband is sent to secure an apology; and then the fun reaches its height. The gem of the acting was supplied by Mr. J. H. Roberts, as the meek neighbour, who is so gentlemanly in his scene of half-intoxication, and so much cleverer in his talk than he looks. But Miss Athene Seyler was refreshingly natural and piquant in the heroine's rôle; and Mr. Frederic Worlock, Mr.

Robert Horton, Mr. Arthur Cullin, Miss Vera Cunningham, and Miss Mira Kenham completed a cast it would be hard to better.

### A JACOBAN REVUE, AT THE KINGS-WAY.

It is a delightful romp Mr. Nigel Playfair has contrived out of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," without sacrifice of its old-time flavour. What is this Jacobean medley of

burlesque of the chivalric, comedy of civic manners, and interludes of song, dance, and farce, if not a revue? Miss Betty Chester, as the citizen's wife who is always wanting her husband's apprentice on the scene, is as overpoweringly comic, as irrepressibly restless, as an Ethel Levey in musical comedy. The Humphrey of Mr. Ivan Berlyn, the prologue-speaker and tapster of Mr. Robson, the Luce of Miss Sydney Leon, old Merrythought with his bursts of song, as Mr. Stanley Newman presents him; and the mock-melancholy Mistress Merrythought of Miss Mary Barton, are



WITH A BROADWOOD GRAMOPHONE, HIS "LUCKY DIP" PRIZE AT THE ADVERTISING EXHIBITION AT THE WHITE CITY: MR. H. S. BENJAMIN.

Mr. H. S. Benjamin is a well-known City merchant. He intends to sell the Broadwood gramophone and devote the proceeds to a charity in which he is interested.

portrayed with the same whole-heartedness. One would have liked an apprentice with a more humorous physiognomy than Mr. Noel Coward's, and a keener sense of fun (who can forget Mr. Playfair's own Ralph in the Mermaid Society's revival?) but the young actor does his best. There are two born children-comedians; the musicians in their picturesque gallery and the pipe-smokers at the corners of the aproned stage give an appropriate archaic

effect; and the score of Mr. Frederic Austin is not the least joyous feature of a rollicking show.

### "THE STORM," AT THE STRAND.

Throughout Mr. Langdon McCormick's play, "The Storm," one is haunted by the impression that it ought to have been a film drama. Its scene—a lonely cabin in the Canadian backwoods; the violently contrasted characters of the two men in its love-story: one rough on the exterior, but really simple-hearted and chivalrous; the other dandified, but of villain type; and all its exploitation of the elemental emotions and the catastrophes of Nature are what one associates with the cinema. There are thrills no "movies" could improve upon, however, in its stage effects of snow-storm and forest-fire. As for the contest between the two "partners" for the girl's favour, its humorous side is, perhaps, stronger than its melodrama. But there are picturesque opportunities alike for Mr. Bouchier and Mr. James Dale, as the rivals; Miss Kyrle Bellew as heroine; Mr. Norman Page as wounded smuggler; and Mr. Ayliff as an Indian; and the tableau of the forest fire should suffice of itself to attract crowds to the theatre for many a night.

During his visit to the Advertising Exhibition, Sir Eric Geddes, Minister of Transport, called at the Stand of the St. James's Advertising and Publishing Co., Ltd., and examined the details of the six demonstration sales plans which were prepared by this concern. Sir Eric expressed his appreciation of the thoroughness with which these schemes have been outlined.



A PRIZE-WINNER AT THE COVENT GARDEN ADVERTISING EXHIBITION BALL: MISS E. M. CHRISTMAS AS "GREYS CIGARETTES." Miss Christmas won the first prize of £50 awarded by Major Drapkin and Co. for the best dress illustrating Greys Cigarettes at the Covent Garden Ball held in connection with the Advertising Exhibition. She is on the staff of the St. James's Advertising and Publishing Company, Ltd., who designed the dress.



AN IMPOSING ANIMATED POSTER: THE OSRAM ELEPHANT.

Strength in an electric lamp is typified in the Osram elephant, represented in the animated poster pageant connected with the Advertising Exhibition. Osram lamps are made by the General Electric Company, Ltd.

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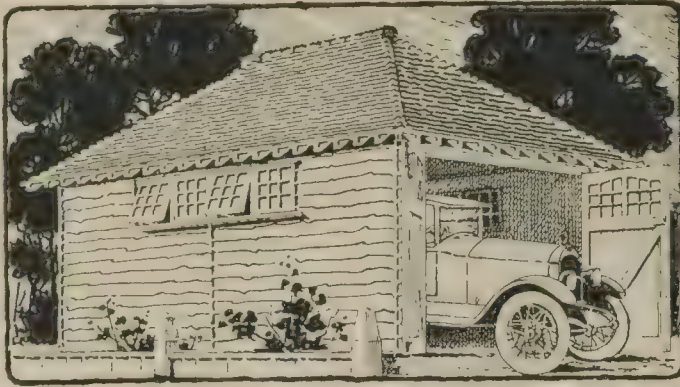
## MISCELLANEOUS.

AFTER the choice of a car, the next most important thing is the choice of its housing; and it is well worth while spending a little extra time and thought on this matter. There is no reason why a motor-car house should not be as artistic as, say, a summer-house or anything of that type—practical things need not necessarily be ugly! That is why readers would be well advised to write to Messrs. Browne and Lilly Ltd., Thames Side, Reading, for their very interesting illustrated catalogue: then they will see that a Browne and Lilly garage, whilst being thoroughly practical, has a certain indescribable charm about it which makes even a garage a thing of joy. These motor-car houses are made by skilled workmen, and, as only well-seasoned materials are used, they are thoroughly weatherproof. They are compact without being cramped, and they leave plenty of room for the constant overhauling which is so necessary if you are to get the best out of your car. The "portable" garages are made in sections ready for easy erection, with all necessary bolts, nuts and fittings, and this is, of course, a great attraction. Full particulars will be found in the catalogue. Messrs. Browne and Lilly also make garden furniture and requisites, poultry-houses, potting-sheds, and "Children's Dens" for garden play-rooms.

Everyone knows the many excellences of Knight's Primrose Soap, and will appreciate the enterprise of this well-known firm in providing a Christmas present for a man. Neatly packed in a handsome box, which will later be useful as a collar-box, are a shaving-stick, a box of solid brilliantine, a case of dental

paste, and four tablets of Perfumed Castile soap—all things a man likes to have of the best.

Many Christmas holiday-makers will doubtless travel westward to secure the benefit of the maximum amount of winter sunshine. For them



A THING OF BEAUTY AS WELL AS USE: A BROWNE AND LILLY PORTABLE GARAGE.

This is listed as Motor House No. 230. It has elm-boarded walls and a tiled roof, and is made in six different sizes.

it will be of interest to remember that the Great Western Railway runs from Paddington each week-day the 10.30 a.m. Cornish-Riviera Express, and the 12-noon Torquay and South Devon Express. The corresponding "Up" trains from Penzance and Torquay run every week-day.

A household word held in the highest esteem all over the world is Fry's, and when "chocolate" is

attached, all the world knows that the best is assured. The historic house in Bristol—it is now a Fry-Town all by itself—started in a little shop 150 years ago. At this time of the year there is no more appropriate or more appreciated present than a box of Fry's "King George" or "Queen Mary" chocolate, "Camera" assorted chocolates, "No. 10" chocolate assortment, or other of the tastefully put-up products of this celebrated firm. Tins of Fry's pure breakfast, pure concentrated, and malted cocoas may well be included in Christmas packages for friends at home and abroad, and are food as well as beverage.

There should be enthusiastic support for the "Garden Party" Ball, in aid of the Actors' Orphanage, to be given at Covent Garden Opera House on December 16. The arrangements for the Ball are in the hands of a very strong Committee, including many leading players, with Mr. Gerald du Maurier as President. A famous orchestra is being engaged. All particulars may be obtained of Mr. Comyns Beaumont, Joint Organiser, at 3, Middle Temple Lane, E.C.4, or at 108, Jermyn Street, S.W.

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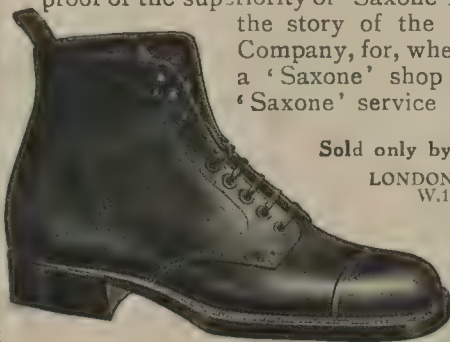
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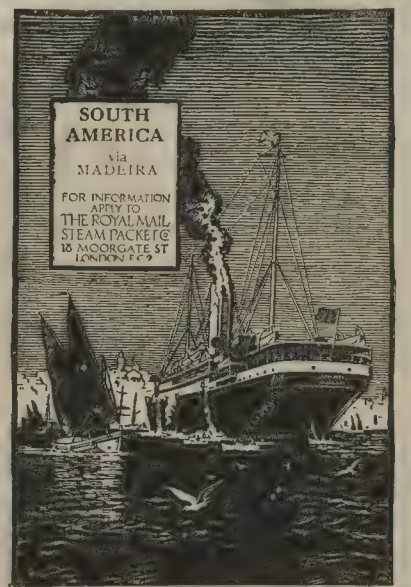
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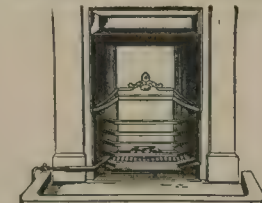
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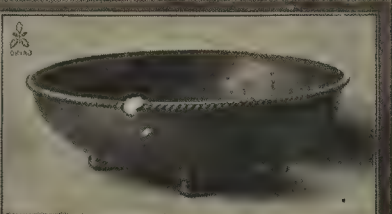
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

**The Roads Bill.** The Roads Bill, which reached the Committee stage in the Commons last week, is, from the point of view of the motor-car owner and user, one of the most pernicious measures it is possible to conceive. It will probably be subjected to drastic amendment by the Committee, and in the House of Lords, since it seems scarcely possible that Parliament will consent to give to any Ministry the absolutely uncontrolled powers which are sought by the Minister of Transport. The main purpose of the Bill is to set up machinery for the efficient collection of the revenue from the new system of motor taxation; but a number of extraneous matters are dealt with also, and many of the provisions of the Bill are open to serious criticism. Clause 1 seeks to perpetuate the system of government by Orders in Council, abrogating the authority of Parliament, and placing autocratic power in the hands of the individual Minister. The county councils and county borough councils responsible for the collection of the new duties should receive their instructions direct from Parliament, and not from the Minister through an Order in Council.

**"Milking" the Taxes.** When the new taxes were included in the

Finance Act, it was said that the proceeds were to be directly devoted to road-maintenance; but Clause 3 of the new Bill provides for paying out of the Road Fund not only the expenses of the local authorities in the administration of the scheme, and a proportion of the salaries of their engineers and surveyors, but expenses and salaries of the Roads Department of the Ministry of Transport, as determined by the Minister with Treasury approval. Further, "all expenses incurred by any other Government Department in connection with the said duties or otherwise in the administration of this Act," are also payable out of the Fund. It would thus seem competent to charge a proportion of police wages and expenses to the Road Fund, which, it is scarcely necessary to point out, would

be in the last degree anomalous and wrong. If this clause should pass as it stands, the money wrung from the motorist may be utilised to create, maintain, and extend a huge system of bureaucracy.

**Excessive Penalties.**

The most serious aspect of the Bill lies in the savage penalties provided for contravention of any arbitrary regulations which the Minister of Transport, in his patent hostility to mechanical road traction, may see fit to formulate. There can be



AT A POINT IN STRASBOURG ON THE PROPOSED GRAND PRIX COURSE: A TALBOT-DARRACQ, USED BY THE FRENCH PRESS ON THE OFFICIAL TOUR OF THE COURSE.—[Photograph by Meurisse.]

no objection to the infliction of penalties for deliberate fraud on the revenue, but those which are laid down in the Bill are simply outrageously excessive, especially in what may be often quite innocent breaches of regulations. It is common knowledge that we are to be compelled to carry the new license card *outside* the bodywork of the car, where it can be seen by police and taxation officials. The penalty for allowing this card or the ordinary number plate to become obscured is no less than £50. There is no question of wilfulness about it. A blob of mud thrown up on

to the license card may cost the motorist as much as £50!

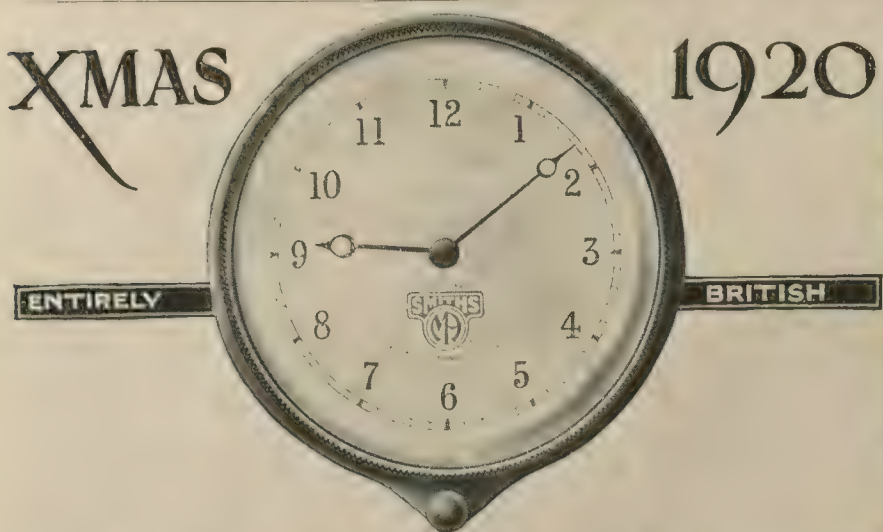
The worst clause of all is No. 13, which provides that for making a false or misleading description of the car on registration, the owner shall be liable to a fine of £100, or six months' imprisonment with hard labour. This opens the door to a very real danger. A difference of opinion as to colour, or a bona-fide error in engine dimensions, is enough. Undoubtedly there should be a penalty for misdescription made with intent to defraud the revenue; but even in that case the penalties do not seem to err on the side of mercy. Further, this same section proposes that, if there is any question of doubt, the burden of proof shall lie with the defendant, the intention obviously being that a motorist *must be presumed guilty until he can prove his innocence*. Surely Parliament will not consent to the abrogation of one of the fundamental rules of British justice—even where the motorist is concerned.

Many amendments are to be proposed during the Committee stage, and it may thus be that the final Act will wear a very different shape. It seems, however, that the main deduction to be drawn from the Bill is that this upstart Ministry of Transport, which nobody wants, and which has done nothing for transport but to increase chaos and hamper development, has conceived an implacable hatred of motor traction, and intends to do all in its power to drive it from the roads in the interests of the railways.

**A New Association.**

I have seen the prospectus of a projected new association, which seems to be the outcome of recent discussion in the Press on the question of repairers and their efficiency and charges. The objects of this new body seem to be to improve "service" all round—it is to be called the Service Garage Association—but I really cannot see where it is likely to come in. The weakness of the scheme is precisely that of the agency system of the R.A.C. and the A.A. These bodies can do no more than see that the

[Continued overleaf.]



## The Ideal Gift for the Motorist. SMITH'S BEZEL WIND CLOCK

No key required—by simply rotating the bezel on the outer edge of the clock it can be wound up in a few seconds. Fitted with a high-class 8-day English Lever Movement. Every clock guaranteed—any clock failing from any cause exchanged free per return. Brass, Black or Nickel finish. Flush or Bracket Fitting.

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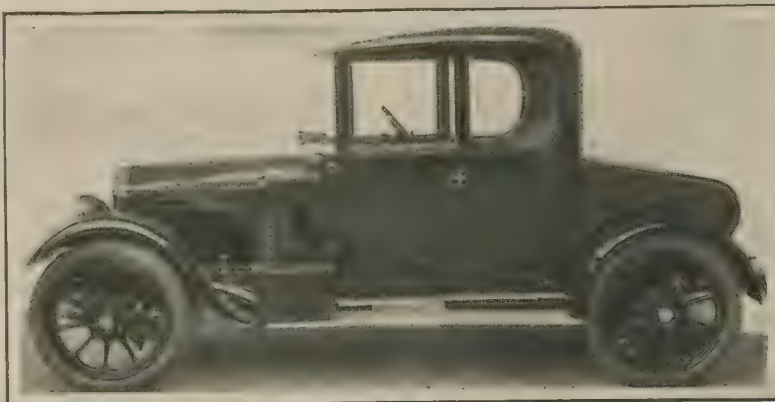
Continued.  
 repairer has a properly equipped works, and to certify him in the class for which he appears suitable. They cannot stand over every job he does, nor can I see how the new Association is going to do any better. What both the Club and the A.A. can do, however, is to investigate complaints made by their members, and, where there seems to be good reason shown, remove the repairer from the list of agents. Moreover, they take such action in more cases than people realise. I do not see in the prospectus to which I have referred any such provision as this. It would be difficult, too, to make it effective, inasmuch as the garage owner who is asked to become a member is to be called upon to pay a subscription of five guineas per annum. It is one thing to cancel a purely honorary appointment, but quite another to request a member of an association to resign because of alleged unsatisfactory work for a third party who has neither lot nor part in the organisation.—W. W.

During his visit, on Dec. 3, to the Advertising Exhibition at the White City, his Majesty the King was presented with a packet of "De Reszke" Cigarettes and

a sponge. His Majesty said, laughingly, "I will keep the cigarettes," and handed the sponge to the King of Denmark.

Some prominent men in the advertising profession have arranged to publish a series of specialised

directories, as complete and inclusive as possible. The first of the series, to appear shortly, will be "The Ship Compendium and Year Book," a monumental, international work of upwards of one thousand pages. It will contain complete lists of the shipbuilders, ship-owners, marine engineers, ports, harbours, dockyards, coaling-stations, fuel-oil stations, cable and wireless stations, naval architects, naval colleges, nautical academies and institutions, banks and bankers, dock and harbour commissioners, boards of trade, admiralties and their officials, ministries and boards of shipping, ministries of transport, shipbrokers, flags and funnels of the mercantile marine, technical and professional societies, benevolent institutions, salvage associations and shipping registries, throughout the world. Tonnage and constructional statistics, the year's losses, ship and shipping law, insurance and indemnity, the British Admiralty, and many other matters connected with shipping will be exhaustively covered. Nothing of importance connected with this vast subject will be omitted, we understand, from "The Ship Compendium."



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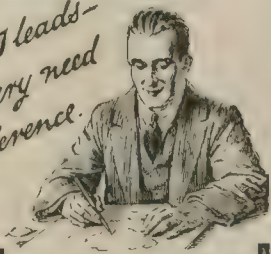
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*the master drawing pencil*

Made in 17 leads—  
 one for every need  
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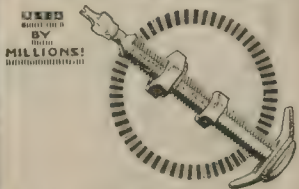
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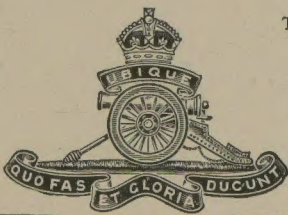
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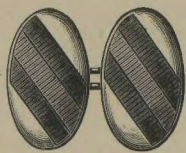
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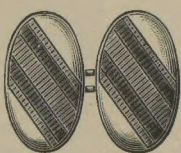
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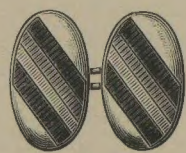
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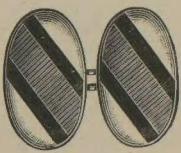
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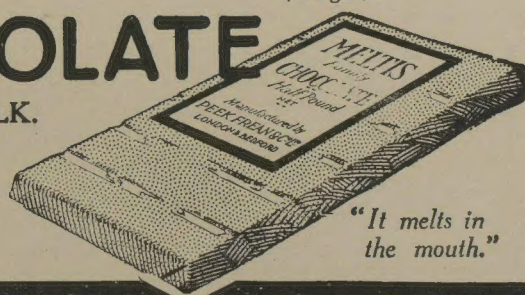
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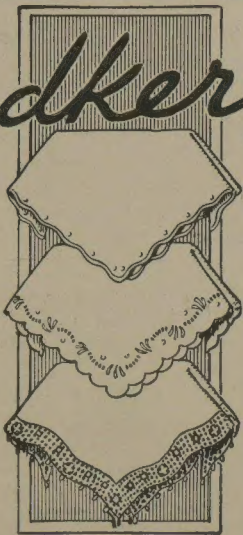
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Scalloped Embroidered Hand-  
kerchiefs. Size about 18/9  
11 inches. Per dozen

No. 86389. Ladies' Superfine  
Mull Embroidered Handker-  
chiefs. Size about 26/-  
12 inches. Per dozen

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Size about 10 3/4 ins. 15/11  
Per dozen

Our large stock includes Ladies' plain  
linen, initial and embroidered Hand-  
kerchiefs, also Gentlemen's plain and  
initial linen Handkerchiefs.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER  
BELFAST LTD





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Going to MÜRREN (Switzerland)  
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JUMPERS, SPORT-  
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The **BRITISH JUMPER**,  
A BRITISH SHOP AT MÜRREN.



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well made in brown cane, with  
rich red-brown malacca handles  
Top 21 x 14 in. Carr. paid 40/-  
Makers of cane furniture, workbaskets,  
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Catalogues post free on application to  
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HAIR TINT  
for Grey or  
Faded Hair



Tints grey or faded hair any  
natural shade desired—brown,  
dark-brown, light-brown, or  
black. It is permanent  
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grease, and does not burn  
the hair. It is used by  
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Send a post card to-day for a copy of "Aids to the Boudoir."  
It will be mailed to you entirely free of charge.

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# RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

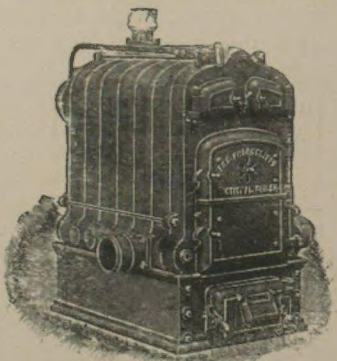
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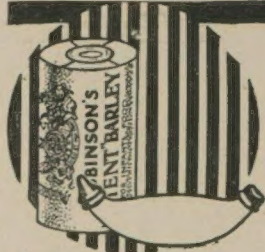
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Sound sleep is the result of perfect nutrition and  
freedom from digestive troubles. To ensure these for  
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# Robinson's PATENT Barley

the valuable nutritive and digestive qualities of which  
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Mothers for nearly 100 years.

Prepared from the choicest selected Barley and guaranteed  
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Send 3d. (in stamps) for Booklet "Advice to Mothers."

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will be more beautiful, longer and  
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# ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

It will keep your CHILDREN'S HAIR always  
in good condition. Start taking care of your hair  
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PETROLEUM JELLY

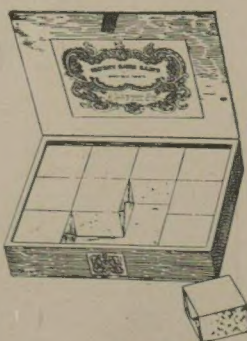
For chest colds  
Sore muscles. Rheumatism.  
Better than a mustard plaster  
Does the work & doesn't blister

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One tablet will scientifically soften an entire bath and leave  
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Tablets are sold in flat boxes of 12 and are perfumed with—

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Assorted  
(12 different  
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The name "MORNY" on the label is a guarantee against  
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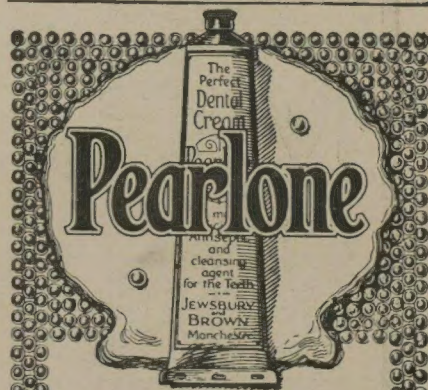
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## WITH CUTICURA

Daily use of Cuticura Soap,  
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a clear skin, good hair and  
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in collapsible tubes with flat  
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AT ALL  
CHEMISTS

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A TIN





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"These friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."

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barrier 'twixt day  
and day comes naturally  
to those who sip slowly,  
last thing at night, a  
glass of hot GLAXO

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*So Soothing to Tired Nerves  
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Proprietors: Joseph Nathan & Co., Ltd., London & New Zealand



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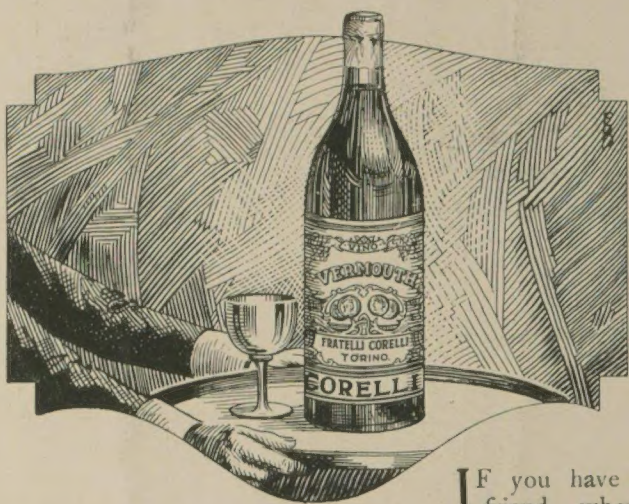
## Indispensable in the KITCHEN

for flavouring. It's piquant and palatable and economical, because a little of it goes a long way. Universally used.

**LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE**  
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gives zest to the most jaded appetite and literally *compels* one to thoroughly relish the meal that means so much in toning up the whole of the system.

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No. 1.—Necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 in. long, £1:1:0

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